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New Republic

AUGUST 23, 1948

THE OLD POP: TOM WATSON'S STORY

By RALPH McGILL

ONE-MAN MISSION TO ATHENS

see page 11

TRUMAN & INFLATION

see page 5

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

PRESIDENT TRUMAN seemed tired and his voice was low. He complained of having lost too much sleep. But when a reporter mentioned Congress, the President moved to the attack. He did not speak in anger, but deliberately, even ploddingly. His blood pressure did not shoot up as it had a week earlier when he denounced the congressional spy investigators. He was calm and apparently confident that he had made a good case.

Congress is his big issue, as it should be, but his advisers are telling him that it must not be the only issue. Many of his supporters want him to take out after Governor Dewey, or at least have the party leaders do so for him.

Not that there is any strong feeling that the President must drop his fight with Congress. Far from it. Republicans and Democrats alike agree that he won the battle of the special session. What they also concede is that, while Congress lost, the damage done to Dewey was not substantial. And he's the man to beat in November.

It will be hard to convince the country that the dressed-up GOP candidates for President and Vice President could not break, even if they wanted to, with the Martins, Tabers, Knudsens, Hallecks and Wolcotts. These are the men who could very well dominate policy. They have done so in the 80th Congress.

The campaign speeches of Messrs. Dewey and Warren will bear little resemblance to the speeches the Old Guard has been making in the House these many years or to the speeches the Old Guard made at the GOP convention this year. On the stump, these two men will look like moderates (actually Warren is a moderate, and, by Republican standards, a progressive).

It is not simply politics for the President to continue his fight on Congress. The issue is fundamental. The people must know what they are voting for when they vote for Dewey and Warren. They also are voting for Martin, Halleck, Taber *et. al.* When Roosevelt first became President he dominated Congress, and Dewey will try to dominate it. But there is no good reason to think he will have FDR's luck or that he will try hard to buck the main stream.

Of course, something needs to be done about responsible government. We seem to have it only when the executive controls Congress and makes Congress look unimportant. When Congress demands an excessive voice in administration, as it has for the the last half-dozen years at least, government's effectiveness is challenged.

Because Truman does not control his own party, the issues of the campaign are clouded. But it isn't just a choice of men, as much as the GOP will try to insist during these next few weeks. It's a choice of attitude and approach.

When a reporter asked the President if he held Dewey responsible for the "do-nothing" record of the special session, the President refused to answer. So far he has not mentioned his Republican opponent and he does not, plan to do so. FDR never made any campaign attacks directly on Landon, Willkie or Dewey. But, for the Democrats to win this year, they must convince the country that Dewey as well as Congress would be pretty bad medicine.

The old battle between London and Washington on news policy is going on apace. The leaks about the Moscow talks have been in London and Paris, not Washington. Marshall ordered a news blackout which has been maintained. In this instance, much can be said in Marshall's behalf, but in

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most cases there are valid objections to the secretiveness of his Department. Much more diplomatic information is available to correspondents in London and Paris than in Washington. Newspapermen in Washington frequently find foreign diplomats the best source of news on American policy.

No information has been given out here on the talks about American assistance to the Brussels-pact nations. But reliable news is cabled from London, although the important talks are being held here. The Department is afraid that the discussions might become involved as campaign issues, hence the censorship. But excuses are easy to find, and the State Department has had a wealth of experience. Repeatedly, important news involving this government has been given out in London before it was released here.

Notes. Nomination for the scare-headline-of-the-week: "Taft Says Prices Are Leveling Off." Has he forgotten his predictions in 1946—or Hoover's in 1929-30? . . . The House Public Lands Committee, in a little-publicized report, last week backed up the government's policy of retaining ownership of national forest lands. It was a surprise to many people who have listened to the long procession of witnesses from the West demanding that these lands be sold to private operators. . . . Washington's chances of having a legitimate theatre this winter are poorer than ever. . . . The new Secretary of Labor is taking over a denuded department Not only have its functions been largely curtailed but its top officials have resigned. Tobin must find an undersecretary and two assistant secretaries. . . . Truman is being urged to make a Southern tour. . . . Senator Capehart (R, Ind.) has named a committee to study the effects of the Supreme Court's ruling against use of the basing-point system in the cement industry. He's planning to introduce a bill, similar to the Bulwinkle Act removing the railroads from the anti-trust laws, to permit the cement manufacturers to go back to the now-outlawed basing-point system.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 119, NUMBER 8, ISSUE 1760, NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 23, 1948 **New Republic**

THE WEEK

How to Win Friends in November?

HARRY TRUMAN, the most bedeviled President since Woodrow Wilson, has a problem in public relations. Almost any reasonably bright person in the advertising, newspaper, magazine, radio or movie business could have solved it for him at any time during the past year or more, but it's probably too late now.

The trouble is that such things cost money. At the going rate of $80,000 per nationwide broadcast, for example, it would cost the Truman Democrats a very large amount of money to penetrate the fog of confusion laid over the land by the Republicans. For Democrats in 1948 such a sum is hard to come by and, of course, there would be other incidental expenses to cover the cost of spreading the word by mouth, by press and by poster.

Except for the small matter of financing, the President's problem is embarrassingly simple. All he has to do is convince a majority of the electorate that as a consequence of Republican policies it costs a great deal too much to live in the United States these days and that a continuation of these policies will slide us to hell and gone in no time. Radio City, Broadway and Hollywood are full of people who could help Truman do that and who would be ashamed to charge a fee for anything as simple as telling the truth.

Hypnotized as he is by some of the sorriest courtiers that history records, not excluding the cabinet of Louis XVI, the current tenant in the White House is strolling through the campaign year like a schoolboy in June. The primitives who have his undivided attention and who obviously flunked the course in American history have just now (August, 1948) decided that their man has no place to go except to the people. It has taken them and Truman himself only three years and four months to discover that you can't do business with a bad Congress.

At this late date Truman is strangely unconcerned over the efforts of Senator Robert A. Taft and the Republican leadership to convince the public that the President has all the powers he needs to stop inflation if he wants to. The White House advisers hesitated a long time before recommending that he sign the completely impotent "anti-inflation" bill passed by the special session of Congress. Their inclination was to veto this fraud of a law with a stern message, possibly to be followed by another call to Congress to reconvene before election. But that would have been difficult to explain. After all, consumer credit controls and bank controls were two of the 11 specific powers Truman requested. The fact that, separated from the President's total program, these two are practically worthless, if not harmful, is too refined a reason to get across to the whole country.

Taft is right, of course. There is a way to stop inflation outside of imposing government controls on prices, wages and materials. The way is to cut off foreign aid and the farm price-support program, to lower wages and to regulate credit, thus throwing seven to eight million people out of work. Truman is not interested in that approach. Nor, despite the musings of some financial papers, does any responsible Republican in Washington believe that a Dewey administration would play with such planned deflation.

What hurts is that the businessman's club Truman uses in lieu of a brain trust sees nothing wrong with inflation except its inequities. If everybody could enjoy the ride, the advisory board would love to see it go on indefinitely. Least of all is the Administration willing to abandon its program on public housing, and a higher minimum wage, for the sake of putting the lid on inflation.

Among the many questions that confuse the Chief Executive these days is what will be happening to the country's economy while he is campaigning.

Federal Reserve Board member Marriner Eccles says the bust is just around the corner. Comparatively few Washington economists agree with him. The President's closest personal advisers on economic trends definitely do not. Those who predict an early economic collapse—some estimate even before the election—see a sharp

Didn't Make It

IN THE POLITICAL campaign of 1946, the Republicans ran on a platform of economy, promising to cut the public payroll ruthlessly. On this pledge they won control of both Houses of Congress and of the governments of 24 states.

This month, the Public Administration Clearing House reported that federal, state and local governments now have a combined monthly payroll of $1.2 billion as against the wartime peak of $1.1 billion. Military personnel is excluded in both cases. To be sure, the federal payroll has gone down somewhat; but this is more than overbalanced by the large increase in the payrolls and personnel of the states and localities. Most of the wealthy and heavily populated states, where the chief increase has taken place, have been in the hands of the Republicans for two years.

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break in farm prices immediately ahead, especially in grains, think the housing boom is ending, say a big break is long overdue and, but for foreign aid and military expenditures, would have come long before now.

The President's economic advisers point out that Eccles was doing the same dire predicting a year ago in private cabinet meetings. The most these men will grant is a possibility of a break in farm prices sometime soon, but they qualify that by saying we have maintained a reasonable degree of national prosperity before (1920-29) in the face of low agricultural prices.

They are telling the President that there is every reason to believe that the boom will continue, in only slightly abated form, for at least another year. And if Truman could win enough public support to force his program for economic control through Congress, present "good times" could continue indefinitely.

Both the theory and the plan of action of the White House are admirable—the chances of efficient follow-through negligible. Truman has wasted two splendid opportunities to do what he is now about to try again. His call to the special session of Congress he convened last fall to deal with inflation and the program of action he recommended at that time were straight to the point. Any real educational or other value the session might have had, however, was completely lost by the mismanagement and disagreement among various members of the Administration itself.

The calling of this last special session and the program presented to it were also straight to the point. Before Congress arrived this time, Truman and the White House circle commendably faced up to their previous bad performance and swore not to repeat it. But they did. There was a semblance of teamwork, no cabinet members contradicting each other in public as before, but the hearings were not planned or managed in a way to educate the public and Congress on the economic facts, and the Democrats in the House and the Senate showed far more inertia than fight on the whole matter. Senator J. Howard McGrath (R. I.), the party chairman, might as well have spent the session sunbathing at Newport. There was no real chance of getting the Truman anti-inflation program through the Republican Congress, but there was a chance of building support for that program, as Truman saw when he summoned the special session. It was muffed.

The public was lethargic, too. Neither organized labor nor any of the other public-interest groups that should have been expected to fight vigorously for Truman's proposals put up anything that would pass for a battle during the special session. Neither the White House nor Congress received any flood of mail demanding action.

Therein lies the problem. Nothing in the record indicates that the man who succeeded the most popular President in history can win the people's support in November himself. He is counting on Dewey and/or the spectre of Depression to do it for him.

THE RED DANUBE

BELGRADE (NR correspondent)

The difference between the 10-nation Danube Conference and the UN meetings at Lake Success was that this time the Soviet Union and its Eastern European friends were the majority and the United States and its two associates the minority. From the moment the talks began, the Soviet "steam-roller" was in action instead of the American "stamping machine."

The American delegation certainly had no illusions about what was going to happen in Belgrade from the start. Yet some of the US members were championing an indignant walkout. That would have made it easy for the Easterners to charge that we don't play unless we always have things our own way and would have changed nothing. A new Danube Convention will be signed anyway, whether we agree to it or not.

Our association here with Britain and France is not completely happy. While we profess to be interested in high ideals, they frankly are concerned only with their rights under the 1921 convention, which they themselves helped to chloroform in the prewar appeasement era.

The plain truth is that this is a conference we can well afford to lose, provided we know why we are losing it. We are far away from the Danube, as the Eastern countries never tire of pointing out, and although we needn't accept their slogan, "The Danube for the Danubians," the statistics show that the amount of American shipping on the Danube from 1912 to 1938 was completely negligible. Nor is our present intramural economic policy in Western Europe likely to increase Danube trade much.

The real knockout punch in the Soviet draft for a "Red" Danube is changing the river from an international waterway into a series of territorial waters, each under the control of one or two states.

This policy doesn't make for uniform navigation regulations, but it is hard to convince nations close to past events that national sovereignty, even too much of it, is a bad thing. Nevertheless, the US made an attempt and found that the conference lived up to its prognosis: against the West the Eastern states are still one.

But this is far from the whole story. If the Cominform split had no effect on the Danube Conference, it is even more pertinent to say that the Danube Conference didn't lessen the Cominform split. Vishinsky made no progress in patching things up, nor is it apparent that he even attempted to do so. During the conference the Russians isolated themselves, the Yugoslavs played a lone hand for the most part, and the faithful satellites constituted an island of their own.

There were no courtesy calls, no social exchanges, and at the one formal party given by the hosts, such Yugoslav stalwarts as Kardelj and Rankovic —next to Tito in the Communist Party hierarchy—sat and glared at Ana Pauker, who quite recently was accusing them of heretical crimes.

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FUGITIVE RUSSIANS

Last week, the spotlight on Russo-American relations swung from Washington to New York. At its center were three Soviet teachers.

Mr. and Mrs. Mikhail Samarin renounced their Soviet citizenship and asked and obtained the protection of the American government. Mrs. Oksana Kosenkina, who obviously attempted a similar course, was recaptured by officials of the Soviet Consulate in New York, and some days later jumped from a third-story window of the Consulate.

The Russian government offers an interpretation of the facts almost completely at variance with the foregoing. First it said that the three teachers had been kidnaped against their will by White Russians. Then, when Samarin publicly repudiated the Russian government and system, it was explained that he had receved head injuries and was not mentally responsible. Of Mrs. Kosenkina it was reported that her kidnaping was preceded by drugging with a hypodermic needle, and that she attempted suicide after listening to a radio broadcast misrepresenting the facts of her case. But her own words, uttered in the hospital, leave little doubt that she had tried to escape Soviet jurisdiction. By the weekend, it was quite clear that the incident had done enormous harm to Soviet-American relations.

SOMEBODY IS LYING

Another week of the investigation of American Communists by the Un-American Activities Committee resulted in more completely contradictory testimony. It seemed certain that either Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers were perjuring themselves on a monumental scale, or that this was true of many of those whom they accused of being members of a Communist espionage system before and during the Second World War. The matter could hardly be dropped at this point. The US District Attorney for Washington, D. C., is studying the testimony with a view to perjury action.

Of the people accused of espionage by Miss Bentley or Chambers, or both, 10 have appeared before the Committee and denied every serious allegation. Seven others have refused to answer any of these questions on the ground of possible self-incrimination, citing the First and Fifth Amendments to the Constitution.

There is no doubt that the Republicans are making big plans to use this material in the election campaign this fall. They are torn between the desire to have the committee report at once, so that its charges can be used immediately by campaign speakers, and the idea of having fresh hearings just before the elections.

The Democrats are spending a lot of time discussing the best way to meet the Republican onslaught. Serious consideration is being given to the suggestion that the President should appoint a non-partisan commission of outstanding citizens to investigate Communist activity in this country, including espionage. Both the White House and the Department of Justice are opposed to the idea brought forward by members of the Un-American Activities Committee for a new Grand Jury which might indict somebody for espionage, although the New York Grand Jury, after a year's investigation, was unable to do so.

BOWLES IN CONNECTICUT

HARTFORD (NR correspondent)

Chester Bowles has been nominated for Governor of Connecticut on the Democratic ticket at the insistence of the party leaders who blocked his nomination in 1946. State Democratic Chairman John M. Bailey, United States Senator Brien McMahon and all the top Democrats in the state have rallied around Bowles as the man most likely to make a good showing.

In picking Bowles, they were re-

An American Creed

TWO OF THE WITNESSES last week before the Un-American Activities Committee made such clear and complete repudiation of the charges against them that everyone present was deeply impressed. They were Lauchlin Currie and Harry Dexter White. White introduced his remarks with a statement reminiscent of David Lilienthal's famous impromptu remarks under heckling by a congressional committee some months ago. Said White:

My creed is the American creed.

I believe in freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of the press, freedom of criticism and freedom of movement.

I believe in the goal of the equality of opportunity, in the right of each individual to follow the calling of his or her own choice, in the right of every individual to an opportunity to develop his or her capacity to the fullest.

I believe in the right and duty of every citizen to work for, to expect and to obtain an increasing measure of political, economic and emotional security for all.

I am opposed to discrimination in any form, whether on grounds of race, color, religion, political belief or economic status.

I believe in the freedom of choice of one's representatives in government, untrammeled by machine guns, secret police or the pressure of a police state.

I am opposed to an abitrary or unwarranted use of power or authority, from whatever source or against any individual or group.

I believe in a government of law, not of men, where law is above any man, not any man above law.

I consider these principles sacred. I regard them as the basic fabric of our American way of life. And I believe in them as living realities, not as mere words on paper.

That is my creed.

These are the principles I have worked for. Together they are the principles I have been prepared to fight for in the past, and am prepared to defend at any time—with my life if need be.

That is all.

I am ready for your questions.

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jecting the supposed favorite for the designation, Attorney Thomas J. Dodd, who, until a week or so before the Democratic Convention, had assumed the job was his. Dodd, a straight-line Connecticut politician for the last 13 years, lost out because the leaders decided to put issues before party regularity.

The political experts do not give Bowles a chance to win over the present Republican Governor James C. Shannon. However, they admit that Bowles will run a much stronger race than Dodd would have run and that Bowles's nomination has sparked new enthusiasm in the Democratic rank and file. Professor Thomas I. Emerson of the Yale Law School, who used to work for Bowles in the Washington OPA, will be opposing his old boss as the Wallace party candidate for Governor. And the Socialist mayor of Bridgeport, Jasper McLevy, running for his thirteenth time, will split the potential liberal vote still more.

"The gruelling effort of a campaign faced with certain defeat is not an attractive prospect," Chester Bowles said. "But most Connecticut people are well aware of the problems which are crying for action. . . . Prices have shot up 30 percent in the last two years. . . . Over 61,000 Connecticut families need new homes . . . old-age assistance is woefully inadequate . . . the sales tax is due to be doubled next July. . . . In view of the deep-seated issues which are involved in this election, no man of conscience can sit idly on the sidelines."

ANTI-TRUST PAYS OFF

Patrons of 550 grocery stores in New York City have been finding out for several weeks now that a vigorous anti-trust policy pays dividends to the consumer. In those stores, milk is being sold at two to four cents below the prevailing price. All but three of the dealers report they are making a profit, and the three are content to use milk as a loss-leader.

Behind this milk story is the vigorous investigation launched by Commissioner John Murtagh into the city's milk prices. It started when the milk companies asked for another increase in August with a still further increase in price to come in September. Murtagh subpoenaed Borden's, Sheffield's and the Dairymen's League, which dominate the city's milk distribution, turning up first the fact that some of the companies had been paying a rebate of about nine percent to certain groups of grocers and chain stores. The disclosure was made just after L. A. Van Bomel, president of the National Dairy, one of the companies involved, had announced that its milk profits are only one-half cent per quart.

Probing further, Murtagh disclosed that there was some evidence that the companies had a gentleman's agreement not to bid against each other for milk distribution to the city's institutions. Last week Murtagh accused the companies of rigging the price of reduced-cost milk supplied to school children on a government-subsidized program.

Murtagh's investigation incited a minor revolt by some milk dealers, who, at the risk of annoying the big distributors, began to cut prices. The commissioner promised that any attempt by the distributors at retaliation would be interpreted as a violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, and that he would protect the supply of milk.

Independent milk dealers protested that the State Division of Milk Control had refused to grant licenses to applicants for milk distribution on the grounds that it would lead to "destructive competition." One milk supplier said that he had six applications from men, mostly veterans, who wanted to go into the milk distributing business and sell at prices cheaper than those of the big companies, but they had all been refused licenses by the state board.

Meanwhile, in Chicago, eight dairy firms are under indictment for conspiracy to violate the Sherman Act by dividing up the city's milk business. In addition, two of the companies were charged with paying rebates similar to those reported in New York. On May 28, in St. Louis, two milk companies were convicted on the evidence that they had made the same price changes at the same time, even though there was no evidence of any formal agreement to fix prices. After the case, Assistant Attorney General Sonnett observed that the evidence proved "the high price of milk prevailing in St. Louis in recent months is the result in part of price fixing in violation of the anti-trust laws."

OHIO LABOR SUBMITS

CLEVELAND (NR correspondent)

For the first time since the turbulent organizing days of the 1930's, Ohio National Guardsmen have been used to make strikers agree to company terms. And labor has scarcely peeped.

A half dozen Guard companies, all dressed up in Sherman tanks and armored cars, were sent into Dayton when a three-month-old dispute at the Univis Lens Company got violent. The troops were ordered out by Governor Thomas Herbert, who faces a tough fight for reëlection in November, and who, although a Republican, will get substantial labor support.

The troops were a last resort. Herbert had met with the company and the striking CIO United Electrical Workers and had worked out what was thought to be an acceptable compromise. The UEW was to drop its claim to bargaining rights which it had lost in a National Labor Relations Board election last spring in which the UEW could not participate since its officers had not signed non-Communist affidavits as required by the Taft-Hartley Act. The company was to rehire all former employees, except 11 workers whom the company adjudged "guilty of picket-line violence" and refused to take back.

The local membership at first rejected the agreement and voted to stand by the 11. The next morning, Herbert sent in the troops. Road blocks were thrown up. Workers who penetrated the lines were dispersed with bayonets, two medium tanks and, finally, tear gas. The union went back to work on company terms.

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The state CIO filed a formal complaint against the use of the military, and various local unions added their official protest. But there were no mass rallies, no demonstrations of the sort that had always answered the Guard in the old steel strikes. The main reasons seem to be: The strike itself was not popular; the UEW has been the object of large-scale raiding efforts by both the AFL and by other CIO affiliates ever since it forfeited its rights to NLRB recognition.

Big segments of Ohio labor, including much of the AFL, don't want to embarrass Governor Herbert, whom they consider a far "safer" candidate for Governor than Democratic Frank Lausche.

THE VERNAL PACT

VERNAL, UTAH (NR correspondent)

In the arid but potentially fertile Southwest, it is possible to do your neighbor irreparable injury if you live up-river. By diverting more than a fair share of the water you can ruin him.

In 1922, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and New Mexico, which comprise the upper basin of the Colorado River, agreed to allow 7.5 million acre-feet of water to reach the lower basin areas in Nevada, California and Arizona. In normal years, this is half of the river's flow. But in dry years, after each up-river state had taken what water it thought it should have, the down-river dwellers often did not get their promised amount.

For two decades, nothing was done. The upper-basin states quarreled among themselves but usually presented a solid front to the lower basin. Finally, two years ago, the US Bureau of Reclamation refused to sanction any more upper-basin projects until an agreement had been reached.

A solution, considered locally as a "near-miracle," has now been worked out here. Colorado, which cut its demands substantially, will get 4.16 million acre-feet; Utah, 1.86 million; Wyoming, 1.14 million; and New Mexico, .95 million. This adds up to more than the 7.5 million acre-feet to which the states are entitled under the 1922 pact. But the figures are calculated to give a net depletion of only the agreed amount, for much water diverted for irrigation and other uses finally gets back into the main stream.

The Vernal Pact of 1948 must be ratified by the state legislatures and then by Congress. But if and when it is, federal reclamation officials say that a system of dams can be worked out which will assure all users of a fair share in wet years and dry.

Tito Is Holding Fast

by Alexander Kendrick

BELGRADE (by cable)

YUGOSLAVIA is seething politically, but it is evident that Tito is holding fast and that, on the basis of the present situation, only armed force will accomplish the Cominform aim of unseating him.

Nowhere, not even in Russia, have I seen so many soldiers as in Yugoslavia. The Russians who accompanied Vishinsky to the Danube Conference spoke privately of the tremendous opposition to Tito inside the Yugoslav Communist Party and stated that mass arrests are taking place. They renounce their own last year's thought that "Tito and the people are the same thing" and seem convinced to the point of cocksureness of Tito's imminent downfall.

The Russians emphasize armed force will not come from the outside, "since that would be interference." They deny that economic sanctions are being applied, but say that, for instance, Rumania no longer can trade with Yugoslavia to her own advantage, which means that Yugoslavs won't be getting Ploesti oil.

The impression gained from these Russian conversations is that Tito will fall for economic reasons, and that the Yugoslav Five Year Plan, as now constituted, won't work. If, in the face of Eastern pressure, Tito turns to the West, the Cominform will have proved its case and the ensuing cleavage in the Yugoslav Communist Party will sweep out the present regime.

This is Russian reasoning, not mine, and it may be dangerous oversimplification. If the Cominform row has done any single thing inside Yugoslavia it has brought the Communist Party, or what's left of it after arrests and purges, tightly together.

In a 400-mile trip through Serbia and Voyovodina, northern Bosnia, Croatia and Slovenia, I saw a bumper harvest being reaped.

It would seem that even if the Yugoslavs aren't able to export much food to other food-producing nations of the East, at least they themselves won't be starved out. The food distribution system, however, is rather poor, and the Cominform charges that the peasants are unduly coddled seem to have some foundation, for they are selling in a free market rather than at state prices. I saw a good deal of construction. Women in overalls digging irrigation ditches and laying bricks are a common sight, and youth brigades building roads have become a permanent feature of the landscape.

The test will come when the new factory buildings are ready for machinery. If the estrangement continues, this machinery can only come from the West. Tito will have to make up his mind whether he really wants to industrialize his country or whether everybody should go to work digging more irrigation ditches. It is then, perhaps a year or so from now, that the Russians will be proved right or wrong. At the moment all that can be said is that Tito seems to be sure of himself.

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SLOVAKIA FORMS NEW HABITS

Bohemia's young peasants learn skilled trades, live in modern homes, enjoy music and sports—and pay a price

by Ruth Karpf

MIJAVA, SLOVAKIA

THIS TOWN halfway up the Carpathians is what they mean when, all over Czechoslovakia, they talk about "changing the face of Slovakia." It is a scrubbed little place with a tree-lined asphalt road running through it. New houses stretch in even rows at both ends of the road, their unsoiled brick still a bright pink. Three large buildings are going up—an apprentices' school, a high school and a gymnasium with a swimming pool. There is a well-stocked coöperative store that does a million-crown business a year, and "The House of Culture," a low, angular building of glass and concrete, where bright-faced villagers dance or sing, drink, listen to lectures, play chess, see movies or just relax on the open veranda.

Mijava is still the official designation of this poor little Carpathian village with nothing much in it except a lot of hungry people and a heritage of a thousand years of Magyar imperialism. In fact, however, it is "Tausch Town," named after a factory that started with 150 employees and now has 3,000. The plant has been nationalized, but the former owner has been kept on as manager. He looks and feels a bit shaky about the whole thing, but the workers like him and feel he knows his job.

I sat with this man, the engineer, the chairman of the workers' council and some of the workers, at a conference table in the factory. The office had plywood paneled walls, cream-colored drapes, comfortable steel and plywood chairs, heavy, soft carpets and indirect lighting. Two busts in the corners—one of Benes, the other of Masaryk—were dominated by a large photograph of Premier Gottwald.

Productivity per man-hour, they told me, has gone up since nationalization: 1946 caught up with prewar production; 1947 saw an increase of nine percent, and the first months of 1948 upped that to 14. The manager thought it could probably be raised another 10 percent through improvement in organization and more highly developed skills.

"I come from a little village fifteen minutes from here," one of the workers said. He was thirty-five, with a wife and two children. "There were six of us kids, and my father had three acres of land. He couldn't feed us on it when we were small, and, of course, when we grew up, there wasn't enough land to go around. Two of my brothers went to America, one to Canada. My two sisters went to the city to work as maids. But I like it here. I am used to the mountains and this is my country. So I thought maybe I'd learn a trade so I could stay."

He became a blacksmith. But there wasn't enough work, and after a while he gave up and went to Bohemia. One day after the war, he read that a factory was being expanded in Mijava. He went to the union and asked how he could get a job there. He was sent to a machine-tool factory in Bohemia for three months' training, then came to "Tausch Town."

He is now one of the most highly skilled and best-paid workers in the plant. His family lives in one of the new houses, in three bright, modern rooms, kitchen and bath, with gas, electricity and a radio. It is well-furnished, comfortable and up-to-date—good housing by any standards.

The worker—Janus is his name—goes home every other weekend to his parents, who still have their little three-acre plot in a nearby village. He brings them tea and coffee, maybe soap and a pair of shoes from "his town," and in the summer he lends a hand in the harvest. The other weekends, he takes his family to a little cabin they have farther up in the mountains. For the first half-year, all the Tausch workers spent their weekends and evenings building these cabins.

The union has worked out a vacation schedule which includes a choice of anything from some of the swankiest hotels in famous Czech spas to a seaside vacation on the Dalmatian coast. The union makes the arrangements for these vacations, including transport and accommodation, at prices the workers can afford. Every worker gets at least two weeks off a year.

The coöperative store is on the first floor of a villa. The second floor is occupied by the man who runs it, a worker himself before he became manager of the co-op. He said, "When we started in 1945, I had a yearly turnover of 100,000 crowns. Now it runs well over a million, and we are expanding all the time. For instance, we have just started to raise our own pigs. We have 180 of them now, and meat-raising gives jobs to some of the peasants in the villages around who still haven't enough land."

This, then, is Mijava today. Janus isn't a carefully picked example of its people. He is an average, typical citizen. There are twenty-five men like him in the Tausch orchestra which

GERTRUDE GOODRICH

Ruth Karpf, who was born in Austria and lived in Palestine for many years, is now free-lancing in the Balkans. She contributes to the Toronto Star, the New York Star and the New York Post.

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gives community concerts every Sunday morning and plays at dances. There are twelve like him on the Tausch football team and twenty in the Tausch boxing club; another twenty-five in its choir; and a lot more in the bowling team, the volley-ball group, the dramatists' circle, the chess club and the "Art and Education Society." This society brings lecturers, movies, plays and concerts to town. It has produced everything from the Czech Philharmonic to the Minister of Industry, and from the National Theatre to Prime Minister Gottwald himself.

Among them, all these Januses are making a new generation of men. They are paying a heavy price—the loss of civil liberties for themselves, and of freedom and security for a part of the society in which they live.

With few exceptions, members of the upper classes are frightened and antagonistic. The "conspiracies" which the government here "discovers" with almost predictable regularity are barely disguised efforts to wipe out all opposition on every level.

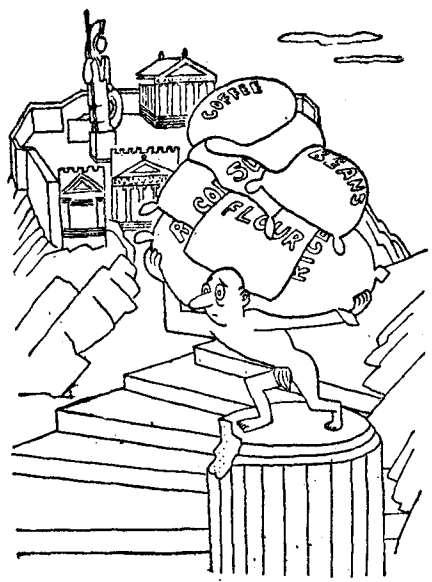
The efficient Communist minority that runs Slovakia—from Bratislava as well as Prague—is probably as unrepresentative and ruthless a governing group as any in Europe. On the economic side, the job is just as complete. The Two-Year Plan, providing that the industrial capacity be raised from 160,000 to 200,000 workers, has almost been achieved. The Five-Year Plan to follow is designed to double that number.

But in factories all over Bohemia and Moravia, landless Slovak peasant boys and girls are becoming skilled workers. The government pays for their training as well as transport, room, board and pocket money. The unions take care of entertainment and political education. Between them, the unions and the government teach these once miserable, ignorant peasants that modern life can mean music, books, art, sports and a decent home. When they have learned, these boys and girls go back "to change the face of Slovakia"—to make new towns like Mijava.

THE WORD IS ΓΡΑΦΕΙΟΚΡΑΤΙΑ

—it's Greek for bureaucracy; four months went by before the author emerged from its labyrinth with food for his hungry countrymen

by Thomas Glaros



IN JULY, 1947, I was delegated by a number of my fellow Greek-Americans to deliver 21 tons of much-needed food to their relatives in Greece. The shipment included such items as 403 bags of flour, 54 bags of rice, 500 pounds of coffee, 1,100 pounds of sugar, three bags of navy beans, etc. I loaded them aboard the American ship *Excelsior*, and on August 20, 1947, we unloaded in Piraeus.

I presented the bill of lading with the customs declaration at the office of the Revenue Collector, to whom I paid a certain fee, and was directed to proceed to the Customs Officials at the wharf where the goods were stored.

I was first required to procure a bonded letter from a reliable merchant in order to assure the payment of taxes. Having obtained such a letter and paid a fee to the Chamber of Commerce for its seal of approval, I brought it to the Customs Officials, only to be told that I must procure further evidence of the merchant's solvency and reliability. Sensing a racketeering angle, I began to get heated. After a little argument, the matter was cleared up, and I thought everything was set for receipt and delivery of the goods, but I had not counted on the bureaucracy.

I was told I needed one thing more, a permit from the section of the police that deals in consumer goods. By this time I realized that the administrative personnel tells you one thing at a time, so I asked the officials whether there were any other requirements to fulfil besides that little matter with the police. "Oh, yes," was the reply. I must next apply to the Ministry of National Economy, which corresponds to the US Department of Commerce.

I went to the police, explained my purpose, and asked for a permit. They told me to apply to the Ministry of Supply where, should that agency approve my application, the police would be instructed to issue an order of release for the foodstuffs. After filling out the application, I was instructed to produce, in triplicate, a list of the names of the would-be consignees, as well as other papers proving beyond doubt that the names were bona fide. As I had no intention of disposing of the goods for my profit, I presented the Ministry of Supply officials with a US Commerce Department permit, which they recognized.

I went to the Ministry of National Economy and asked them what requirements were necessary to procure their approval for a permit to deliver the goods. The official in charge of

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Thomas Glaros was born on the Greek Island of Icaria, in the Aegean Sea, 51 years ago. He came to America at the age of 16 and became an American citizen. Before his recent travels to Greece, which involved the above, sad adventures, he owned a restaurant on Long Island.

It cost him his lifelong savings to travel to Greece and find that his father had died of malnutrition during the German-Italian occupation. He also learned that his sister survived by escaping to Palestine. At present, Mr. Glaros is working as a waiter in a downtown New York restaurant.

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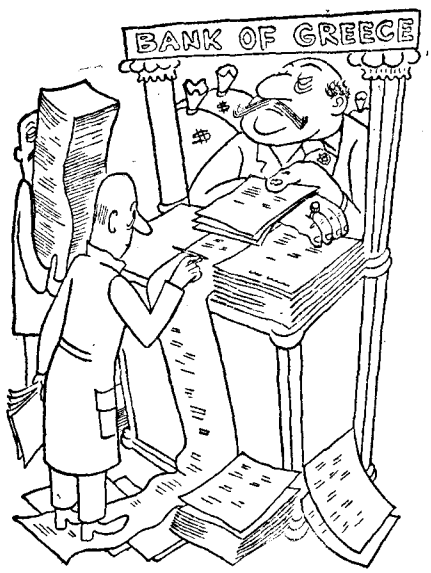

these matters informed me that if I had the approval of the Ministry of Supply, his agency would affix its seal and make it unanimous. It took about two weeks before the Ministry of Supply approved my application.

Finally in possession of the permit from the Ministry of Supply, I went to the Ministry of National Economy for its signature. To my chagrin, I was told to fill out a new application because it was forbidden to import any rice. However, I made out the new application and asked point-blank for a definite answer in the shortest possible time as to whether they intended releasing the goods or not, so I might, if their reply was negative, arrange to reship the goods to America.

They told me that they would act at once, at the latest in a few days. A week later, I was told no action had been taken. I demanded to know why. They directed me to a short, stubby flunkey who held the title of General Secretary in the Ministry of National Economy. He, supposedly, was the bottleneck of the Ministry. Each transaction must receive his approval.

He informed me that the importation of rice to Greece was forbidden by the International Office of Allocation of the United Nations. I retorted to this that I was neither an importer nor a merchant, but merely acting as a courier for a number of Americans of Greek extraction who were sending these food gifts to their relatives in Greece. He advised me to return in a few days. I went back several days later, only to be put off with vague explanations of further complications. Finally, after his excuses were exhausted, he informed me that the Greek government was blameless. The true culprit was the American Economic Mission to Greece.

The following day, I went to the headquarters of the American Economic Mission to Greece. There it turned out that it was not the American Mission, but the Greek Supreme Economic Council which forbade the importation of rice and other commodities. I proceeded to the office of the Supreme Economic Council. There I was told that their verdict would be relayed to the Ministry of National Economy, which would, in turn, inform all interested parties.

Having little faith in these assurances, I decided to apply directly to the responsible cabinet minister. Outside his office, a sign informed the public that at certain hours of the week he received petitioners. Later I discovered that in Greece nobody believes signs, least of all those who put them up. Meanwhile, I stood in line with other hopefuls. Here, I thought, was real democracy. The High were consenting to meet the Low and dispense justice.

While I waited, I made a number of discoveries. First of all, when a Greek politician assumes a cabinet post he sees to it that all his and his wife's and mistresses' relatives are put on the government payroll.

I also observed that, while the common people stand in line waiting patiently to be ushered into the presence of the minister, the politicos, ward heelers, friends of the politicians, and officers of the army and navy enter immediately, despite the fact that this particular hour is designated by the minister as belonging to the public.

While I was in Athens, trying to deliver the goods to their rightful owners, the consignees had been informed from America that I was on the way with the food. They hurled an avalanche of messages at me, asking me to explain the delay in delivery. Rumors circulated that I had sold the goods and was spending the proceeds in the gay spots of Athens. When I tried to inform the inquirers as to the true reason for the delay, unsolicited advice rained down on me. Getting the goods released required simply, they said, the strategic greasing of this or that palm. I was in no mood to bribe anyone, however.

Two months had passed since the goods arrived, and nothing had been accomplished. I was directed to put an application here, to sign a petition there, to present an affidavit to this or that bureau and so forth. I paid a fee at every turn and collected an impressive number of stamps. Here you have one of the worst features of Greek bureaucracy. You are obliged to place

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stamps on every document, whether you wish to ask a simple question or to do something more important. You usually find that the office does not have the required amount or the right stamps to sell you, so you are obliged to run out into the street and go from booth to booth or store to store buying the correct ones.

Finally, I decided it was high time to apply political pressure. I called on Premier Sophoulis. The usual list of "hours open to the public" was hung outside his office. This sign had as much significance as the signs outside the other ministers' offices. Here, too, were gathered as his secretarial staff nephews, nieces, cousins, in-laws and neighbors. I was told that he was busy and could see me next month.

On one of my routine visits to the Ministry of National Economy, I met the American liaison officer to the Ministry, a J. P. Dawson. Dawson asked me whether the foodstuffs I brought from America were part of the Greek allotment. I replied that I was not an importer and had no license to import anything into Greece. I added that the importation was authorized by the American Department of Commerce, and that my American permit was deposited at the Ministry of Supply. Dawson asked me to produce it. I went to the Ministry of Supply and there, to my consternation, was told that the permit could not be found. Going back to Dawson, I explained my predicament and he promised to send a telegram to Washington to get a duplicate copy of the lost permit. Three weeks passed, and no word came from Washington. American red tape was holding fast to its reputation.

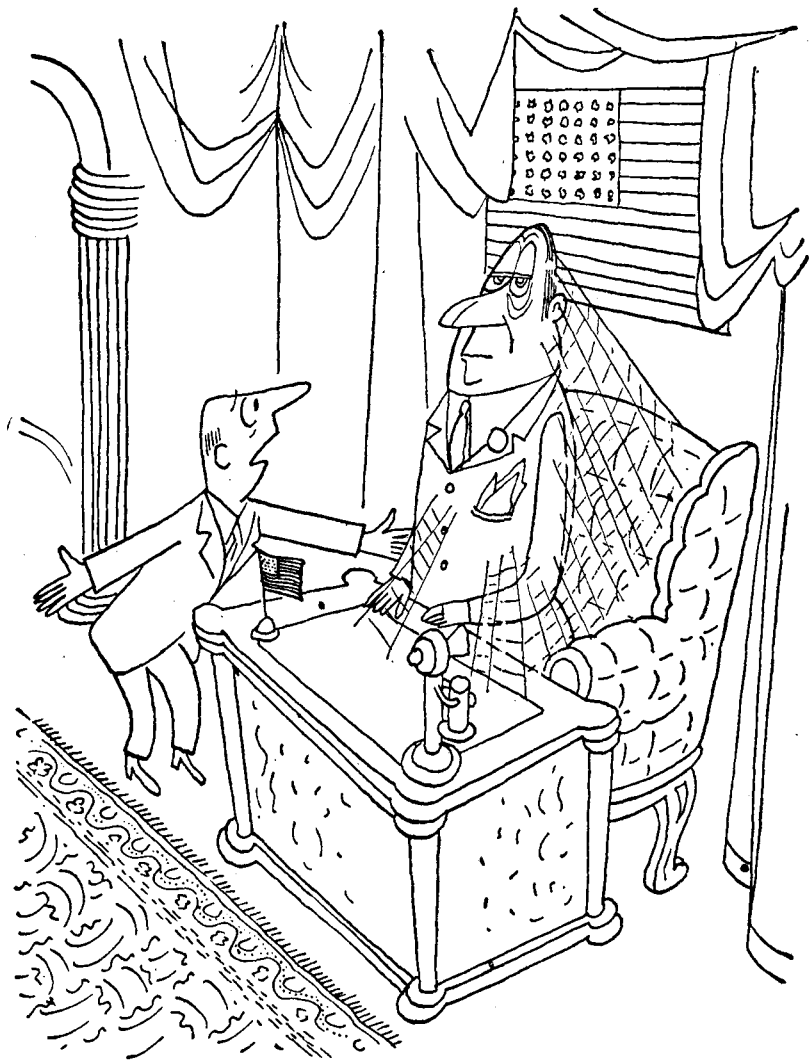
I decided to ship the goods back to America and advise all those who sent the packages to their relatives in Greece to telegraph President Truman, congratulating him on his humane interest in the starving Greek population. I therefore visited the American Embassy and asked them to verify my claim that the Greek government refused to allow me to deliver the goods to the rightful owners.

The officials at the Embassy suggested that I write a letter, setting forth my complaint and they would communicate with the responsible quarters. The official in charge telephoned the Ministry of National Economy and asked whether or not they were going to release the goods in question. They replied that the Supreme Council of the Ministry and the Minister would have a consultation that evening and would let me know.

The following morning, they informed me, through the Embassy, that my application had been approved, and asked that I be kind enough to pick it up. Yet it took exactly ten days before I finally got the permit. When I did get it, I was directed to go to the Bank of Greece where I would pay a fee called Paravolon. Certainly the Greeks have a word for everything.

I went to the bank to pay the Paravolon and filled out the required papers, writing the same story about myself, about the goods, their values, why, etc., etc. I paid the Paravolon hoping to get clearance papers, when the authorities suddenly demanded a price list of the goods which I had shipped from America. I showed them the price list of the goods and they advised me to go to the Chamber of Commerce and have it officially verified. I went to the Chamber of Commerce, filled out the required form, paid a fee and returned to the bank.

Just as I was ready to leave the bank, I was told that I was also required to bring a selling list of the goods, stating their value in Greece. So I once more visited the Chamber of Commerce, obtained another seal and paid a fee. (Both these organizations had already taken me for 620,000 drachmas.) I protested about the



DRAWINGS BY CHARLES E. MARTIN

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delay and the fees and was told, without much ado, that it is the law, and if you criticize the law you are branded a Communist. By now, I felt like becoming one.

I had finally finished with the main bureaucratic ramifications. I proceeded to the Customs House where I was about to face the supreme trial of the entire venture. Also, I had still to deal with the supreme racketeering organization of Greece, an official adjunct of the government called the Piraeus Harbor Autonomous Organization.

The Customs House officials presented me with a bill for 5,550,000 drachmas, not as a duty tax, but for incidentals. The Piraeus Harbor Autonomous Organization wanted more than 8 million additional drachmas because the same goods had been lying in the Customs House warehouses for four months while I battled the red tape. The PHAO claimed to have been watching over the shipment, notwithstanding the fact that three bags of flour and two bags of rice were totally destroyed and many of the remaining bags of rice had gone mouldy.

When I heard their demands, I felt like a man on the verge of murder. I had no intention of paying that amount of money. I considered it exorbitant, and besides I didn't have that much with me.

As matters now stood, I could not remove the goods from the wharf unless I paid about 14 million drachmas, which I found impossible. Administrative officials advised me to appeal to the Ministry of Finance and Communications in order to be exempted from payment. At the same time, they warned me of at least another month's delay before a decision would be reached. I began pulling wires. I recruited the services of politicians, members of Parliament, lawyers and what have you. Using influence from every quarter, I got the desired results in 22 days instead of 30.

The Supreme Committee of the Ministry at long last issued an order in my favor. I was absolved from paying 5,550,000 drachmas to the revenue collector of the Piraeus Harbor. The Supreme Council of the Piraeus Harbor Autonomous Organization pared down its demand from 8 million to 2,160,000 drachmas.

I paid fees at this window and that, and kept on paying until I finally delivered the last bag. The cost to me was over 18 million drachmas in government fees and local transportation.

When I arrived in Greece, I had 21 tons of foodstuffs, and while I waited four and a half months (August 20, 1947, to January 5, 1948), I paid a variety of fees, besides the duty taxes. For instance, harbor tax, highway tax, municipal and community tax, pension tax, tax to a floating loan prior to the second World War, hospital tax, Paravolon and routine of labor (which corresponds to the American income tax).

Paying these taxes reminded me of an ancient Turkish story. A sea captain once sailed his vessel through the straits. Turkish officials came aboard and gave him a bill for cargo taxes. The captain paid the tax. After he had sold his cargo he found that not only had he lost money on the voyage, but much of his original capital was gone.

Desolate, he tried to find a way to mend his broken fortunes. Suddenly he remembered the Turkish tax. He then took a chair, table and book of tax receipts to the gates of a cemetery outside the city. As a funeral procession passed through, he halted it, extended his sympathies and a tax bill. The mourners paid the bill and proceeded to the grave. After a few days, the captain was able to sail again.

Taxes and bureaucracy, bad as they are, are not the whole story of the tragedy of Greece, however. During my travels to and from govern-

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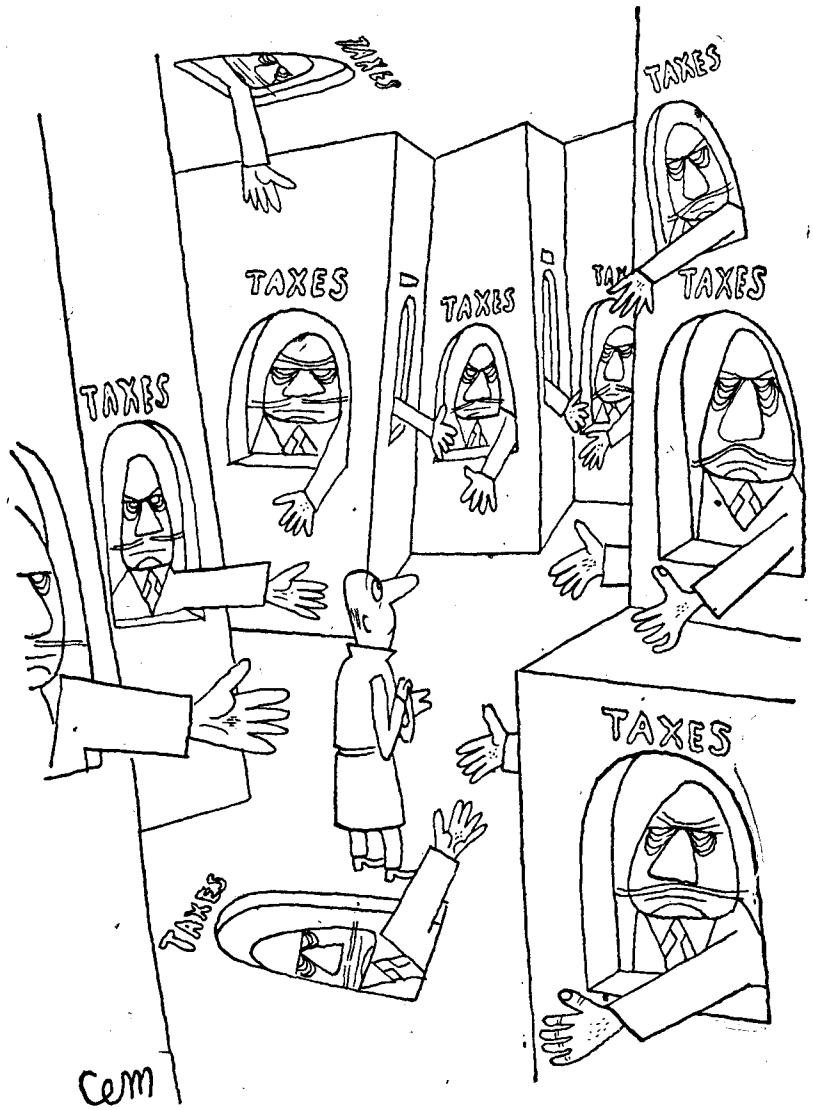
ment offices, trying to get the food shipment delivered, I had visited the office of Vice-Premier Tsaldaris. I went there against my better judgment, because Tsaldaris was, to me, the personification of all that is evil and disastrous in Greece.

I was surprised to find that he had at the head of his political bureau a competent, intelligent man who gave the correct answer to all queries and at the same time offered sane advice. A committee of discharged noncommissioned veterans presented themselves with a petition asking the assistance of Tsaldaris in finding employment. The director asked them what sort of work they would like to do. The reply was, anything at all. The director retorted that his office was not an employment bureau, and all he could do was to help them get back into the army as warrant officers.

The committee claimed they had been in the army for seven consecutive years, and they wanted civilian work. The director pointed out that he didn't see how he could place 40 men in a factory unless the management of the factory agreed to fire 40 men and hire the veterans. Then, naturally, the 40 fired men would form a committee and come to the office of the director and ask to be reinstated.

In addition to serious unemployment, the Greeks are beset by currency troubles. I have said that at one time I owed over 14 million drachmas in taxes. How much is that in American money? If you ask several Greeks, each one will give you a different figure. The official rate of exchange up to last November was less than 5,000 drachmas to one American dollar, while the black market rate was 8,000 drachmas. Today the official rate is 9,000 drachmas per dollar, while the black market pays 12,000.

A Greek worker receives 16,000 drachmas a day—if he can find a job. In order to buy a bag of American flour he must work exactly 26 days, a full working month. Rice cannot be purchased in the open market and the black-market price is 30,000 drachmas to an oka, equivalent to three pounds. Coffee costs 40 to 50,000 drachmas for three pounds; eggs, during the holiday season, 1,200 drachmas apiece.



Coal is rationed out to industry only. At home you must buy charcoal, which costs 1,500 drachmas for one oka, or 1.2 million drachmas for one ton. If a Greek wishes to buy one ton, he must work for more than four months. Therefore, he buys none. It is no wonder that a quarter-of-a-million people are consumptive. Undernourishment, cold and damp homes are the chief causes.

You may well ask if conditions are as bad and hopeless as all that, how are these people going to survive?

They have ration cards. These cards allow them about 13 pounds of flour monthly, consisting of 60 percent wheat and 40 percent other ingredients, for the same price as an American consumer pays. Also, they get a pound of sugar, and sometimes a little spaghetti or a can of corned beef.

Their diet consists of bread, a few olives and a dash of tea in hot water for breakfast, at noon some sort of soup and bread, and in the evening some vegetables or beans. Not all of them, however, eat this well. They get meat twice a year, at Christmas and Easter; some smelts or other small fish, four or five times a year. Clothes and shoes are impossible to get. People who are fortunate enough to have relatives in America and who receive bundles from them give their cast-off clothes to the less fortunate.

If anyone protests against these deplorable conditions, he is labeled a Communist and puts himself in danger of losing his job, being tortured by the police or even of being taken to a rocky islet in exile.

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American Movers and Shakers: No. 6 *Founder of the South's ill-fated Populist crusade, this irascible fighter stood up for the Negro and Georgia's one-gallus farmer—and died lonely, bitter and almost forgotten*

TOM WATSON: The People's Man

by Ralph McGill

AMERICA has all but forgotten Tom Watson, the irascible Georgia rebel who half a century ago led the one great Southern liberal revolt that almost succeeded. His cause—the Populist crusade—lies buried in period histories. But if you go to his home town of Thomson in McDuffie County, you will find men who mention his name with a certain reverence and others who never fail to tie a bitter or profane adjective to the man who was born near there in 1856.

Several of us were looking at Hickory Hill, Watson's beautiful old house in Thomson, watching its whiteness in the dying light of "first dark," its shuttered windows making it seem lonely and sad. "I remember him as a boy," said one in the group. "We used to run up this concrete pathway and yell, 'Hello, old crazy man!,' and then run back into the woods. Sometimes he would follow us, cursing and shaking his fist."

"You know," said another, "once he was in his yard down by the gate and he saw us in the road and called to us. He put his hand on my head and he said, 'Boys, study hard and grow up loving your state.' We were shaking and scared, because he was a mean-looking old man and we were afraid of him."

"Tom wasn't mean," said an older man in the group. "Tom loved children, but Tom was fey . . . he could go off in his mind and leave his body walking around, and it was bad to cross him when his mind was off somewhere."

One hot July day in 1936, Georgia's Senator Richard B. Russell Jr., just out of the Governor's chair, was speaking in a hickory grove across from the Watson home. He was running against Eugene Talmadge for the Democratic nomination to the US Senate.

On the new-pine platform erected for the speakers sat the last of Tom Watson's sisters, tall and thin and that day a little grim. Talmadge was trying to claim the support of the surviving Watson followers (the "Old Pops," they were called) in the district, and he was against Roosevelt. The "Old Pops" wanted none of Talmadge.

When Dick Russell spoke, he said in his climax: "I have to laugh at Gene Talmadge trying to claim the mantle of Watson. Why, the mantle of Watson would fit him like a Mother Hubbard on a jay bird. . . ." And the crowd roared.

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Over in Madison, Georgia, some years ago, Colonel A. G. Foster took me to see an "Old Pop" who had followed Watson.

"What was he like?" I asked.

"Well, son," he said, looking at me with appraising eyes, "when you heard Tom speak, you knew you were a man and that God had made you for a man's work."

"What *was* he like?" I asked Colonel Foster as we went back to town to his law office to talk.

"Well," he said, "you know his background. His daddy was in the Confederate war and was twice wounded. Tom was born in 1856, and so he was a boy old enough for things to burn in his mind and leave scars there when that war was done. It ruined his daddy, and his daddy had been well off. The boy Tom knew the occupying army well, because there was a troop of federal soldiers stationed at Thomson.

"His mother struggled and borrowed to get him some schooling. He was good at books. His daddy drank up his last acre and opened a saloon in Augusta. Looking back at it, that was the greatest cup of bitterness he had to swallow as a boy of college age. He was to see his tenant-farmer brother lashed by an overseer in the fields. He got a pistol, Tom did, and when the planter, Shep Wright, came to town, Tom called him off his horse and gave him a thrashing.

"He always said he had to fight black despair in his mind. He got to be the best trial lawyer in the state. He fought for the poor croppers, the one-gallus farmers, the Negroes, and every underdog there was here in the

Ralph McGill has been on the staff of the Atlanta Constitution since 1931, its editor since 1942. He also served as chairman of the Atlanta Selective Service Board and was a member of the advisory committee of the War Labor Board for Georgia.

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state and in its politics. And he took no bribes.

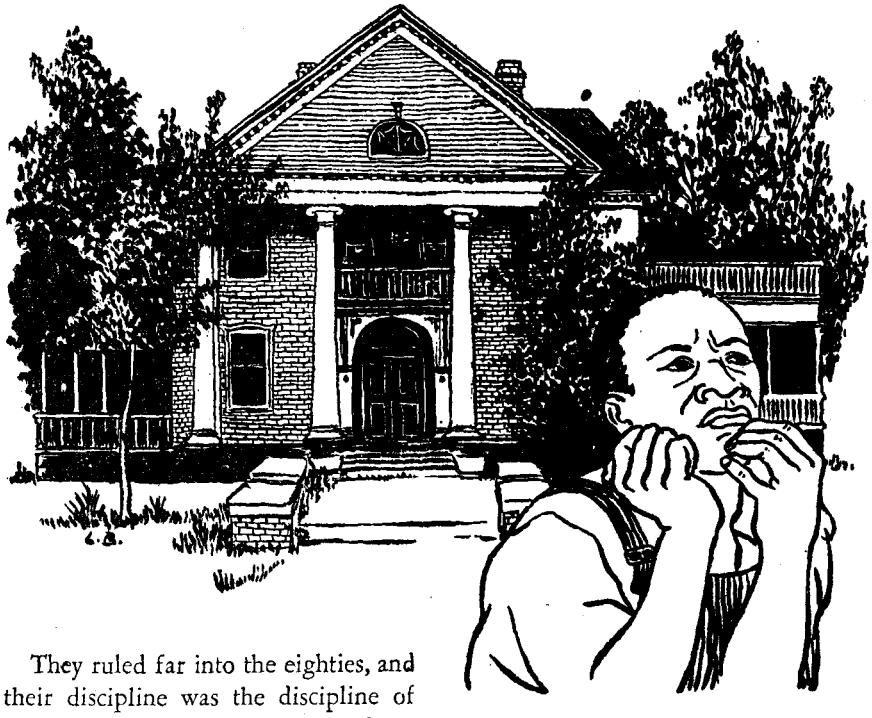
"He went to Congress and they stole him out of office. He raised the Populist Party up to the top, but they stole that from him and broke his heart. But, there was enough of the lion in him to go to the United States Senate in 1920 and up-end that dignified body.

"The word 'demagogue' is just a noun. It doesn't explain the man. He didn't produce the forces some folks say he set in motion. They produced him. And they destroyed him. They made him bitter and mean when he had been great and good. When he failed, a class failed and the South failed. A lot of damn fools see his story as just a man's story. The same forces are loose today and will be until somebody can conquer race, economics and traditions cast in the furnace of history.

"I can't tell you what he was like. He was one man till 1896. He was another man after that. Both lives were tragedies, and so there have been tragic things here ever since. . . ."

In the decade before 1896—the year of Bryan's first defeat and the blasting of his own hopes—Watson's course threatened to pull down the feudal house which had been reëlected in the South. Those who had built it up, beginning in 1872 after the restoration of Southern home rule, were the men we know as "Bourbons" and who at that time called themselves "New Departure Democrats."

They were those of the old party who deserted the agrarian leaders of the past (best typified in Georgia by Alexander Stephens and Robert Toombs) and joined hands with the industrial barons of the North in bringing "progress" to the South. In Georgia the three leaders were Princeton-educated Alfred H. Colquitt, the war hero General John B. Gordon, and Joe Brown—all veterans of the old order who had turned to welcome, work for and do the bidding of railroads, financiers and various promotional syndicates from the North and East.



They ruled far into the eighties, and their discipline was the discipline of fear—of federal interference, of return of federal troops, of the Negro vote, of the return of the scalawag, with federal protection. They promised security. They demanded and got allegiance. And always they talked of prosperity.

Then young Watson began to speak. He alone, of all the men in Southern politics in that era, raised his voice to point out that for the most part the promoters of the new industry were simply get-rich-quick exploiters. He damned the "New South" slogan as "sycophancy to success." It was a time when men talked only of factories, and some of the articulate voices of the day were suggesting that everyone in the South move to town and work for wages, leaving other regions to grow the food. The South was going to be rich, rich, rich, the orators and editors were saying. All but Watson.

He saw the farmers getting poorer and poorer, the interest rates rising and prices falling; he heard the increasing tempo of the auctioneer's hammer.

In the late eighties, before the days of soil conservation, he was writing and speaking of gullies and the land washing away. His speeches mention "barren wastes," "ruined lowlands," "barn and gin houses leaning on crutches. . . ." He was writing of the tariff and bankruptcy laws that were ruining the farmer. The farmer was in the grip of the lien system, and Watson saw the farmers, the former masters, now peons to the city banker and merchant.

He saw the new mill-town shacks and the miserable people in them, while others wrote of the poetry of the new industrial smoke in the soft Southern sky. He cried out that the "New South" was forging the machinery of exploitation, but the newspapers never published his speeches in any detail, and distorted what little they did print.

A paragraph from one such speech will serve—this in 1888:

> To you who grounded your muskets twenty-five years ago, I make my appeal. The fight is upon you . . . not bloody as then . . . but as bitter, not with men who come to free your slaves, but who come to make slaves of you. And to your sons also I call, and I would that the common spirit might thrill every breast throughout the sunny land, 'til from every cotton field, every hamlet, every village, every city, might come the shout of defiance to these Rob Roys of commerce and to the robber tariff, from whose foul womb they sprang.

But, after a while, the farmers, deeply mired in the economic system which was destroying them, began to

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listen. Their Farmers' Alliance was forming.

It has been suggested that the paradox of Watsonism is that it tried to be radical and retrospective at once, that it was a belated agrarianism directed against the Northern industrial masters which, when it failed, made Watson cynically attack the always vulnerable minority targets, Negroes, Catholics and Jews. In reality, Watson saw the truth from the beginning, but until the late eighties was hesitant.

Reared in the Democratic Party, he had made his early successes in it. His heroes were Robert Toombs, the great Gordon of Lee's last stand, and Alexander Stephens, that acidulous little husk of a man. But Gordon had gone whooping off with the "New Departure" Democrats, who joined the carpetbagger industrialists and the railroad barons. Even Toombs was not quite sure, and neither was Stephens. The young man hesitated. But by the late eighties he was sure. So, for the record, was Toombs.

Elected in 1882 to the Georgia assembly, Watson had begun to fight the old state Democratic machine. In the late eighties he set out to destroy it. This meant he had to attack the South's old social-political structure, and its new one, too.

In December, 1889, 200 delegates from the Southern Farmers' Alliance and 74 from the Northern Alliance met in St. Louis. Talk of a country-wide insurgent movement was in the air. At St. Louis also were the Knights of Labor, the Colored Alliance and the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association. They could not consolidate because, as always, there were those to whisper "Nigger," "Rebel" and "Yankee." But the Northern Alliance men from the states of Kansas and North and South Dakota did secede from their organization and join the Southern Alliance, then to unite on a platform with the Knights of Labor.

Watson had long been urging on the Alliance. Now the Southern Democratic Party began to tremble when he embraced the Alliance platform. In 1891 he went to Congress on that platform, and out of it grew the Southern wing of the Populist Party. Next year he founded his *People's Party Paper,* which became the chief voice of the movement. Two other papers, the *Revolution* (inspired by Watson's comment on the Alliance, "Not a revolt; it's a revolution") and the *Wool Hat*, were also effective. So great was the enthusiasm for the movement that in 1892, 22 Populist papers were being published in Georgia alone. Watson had to leave the Democratic Party in order to go with them.

He was to be called anarchist, communist and madman. But he was not to weary of his fight for many years. He almost singlehandedly forged a third party, and he would have captured the state had there not been a steal at Augusta. Even so, he was to be the balance of power for years—the maker of Governors.

He became the sworn foe of monopoly—"not in the narrow sense of the word," as he phrased it, but "monopoly of power, of place, of privilege, of wealth, of progress." He had to attack not merely the old social and political structures, but the problem of race. The Populist struggle in the South was made more complex and bitter by this problem. Later Watson, in rancor, was to damn the Negro for many things, including his own political failure. But in those days he attacked the problem fearlessly, with an honesty never before seen in the political life of the cotton South—and not heard since from any man of his political stature.

The Populist program called for unity between the white and Negro farmers. Watson put his appeal in his usual simple but image-creating words:

> Now, the People's Party says to these two men, "You are kept apart that you may be separately fleeced of your earnings. You are made to hate each other because upon that hatred is rested the keystone of the arch of financial despotism which enslaves you both. You are deceived and blinded that you may not see how this race antagonism perpetuates a monetary system which beggars both."

Watson did not merely speak and write. In public appearances before farmers deeply rooted in the old pattern of race hatred and prejudice, he cried out:

"*It should be the object of the* Populist Party to make lynch law odious to the people. . . ."

"I nominate this man [Negro] to the executive committee of the Populist Party as a man worthy to be on the executive committee of this or any other party. . . ."

"Tell me the use of educating these people as citizens if they are never to exercise the rights of citizens. . . ."

He spoke from platforms where white and colored men sat together. He spoke to mixed audiences. He never advocated social equality, saying that this was something which every person decided for himself. But he did insist, emphatically, upon political equality. He held that the incident of color made no difference in the interests of farmers, croppers and laborers.

It is fair to say Watson was the first native Southerner to give intelligent and sympathetic ear to the legitimate aspirations of the Negro to full citizenship. He urged that the Negro, with a third party open, become an independent voter and cease being a pawn in the hands of the city machines. Trembling editors wrote of "anarchy."

The entrenched Democrats set out to defeat him for reëlection in 1892. Another Watson victory, said Democrats, and he would rule the state. Bloodshed and fighting grew as the primary day drew near. Watson was defeated by the results in Augusta, where the Democratic vote against him was almost double the number of legal voters.

Colonel Sandy Beaver, now a distinguished educator in Georgia and a member of the state Board of Regents, as a boy watched that great steal. Negroes, hauled into town in wagons from farms and plantations, were voted repeatedly by the Democratic machine. Many more Negroes were brought across the Savannah River from South Carolina and voted.

"I remember," Colonel Beaver told

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me, "seeing the wagonloads of Negroes brought into the wagon yards, the equivalent of our parking lots. There were barrels of whiskey there for them, and all night they drank and sang and fought. But the next morning they were herded to the polls and paid in cash, a dollar bill for each man as he handed in his ballot."

So Watson was defeated. He ended his House career with the 52nd Congress and returned to Georgia to take up the Populist fight once more.

Politically the year 1894 marked the lowest ebb of the Republic to that time. Watson opposed President Cleveland, the Democratic "reformer" of 1884, as an agent of Eastern corporate monopoly. He advocated nationalizing the railroads and any other corporation which was of a public nature. So, with bitterness and violence flaring anew, Watson fought once more for a seat in Congress, but, again in Richmond County, he was defeated when out of a total of 11,240 registered voters, his opponent received a *majority* of 13,780 votes. It was so brazen a steal that even the winner agreed to a second election. This was delayed, however, until a new registration law was passed that disfranchised thousands.

Many men who knew him say it was this which turned him from a people's man into the mad destroyer whose name was later to become a byword for hate, fear and falsehood. Once Negroes had sought merely to touch his garments and had looked up to him with a reverence given to deities. In later years he was to become one who flogged them with words and phrases which sent white men to hunting them as animals, killing them with a savage joy. He was to loose his vitriol on Jew and Catholic too.

Yet it was not Richmond County which curdled his soul. Though it did drive him to the brink of frustration, he still fought back. Lightning still was in his hands and thunder in his voice. The people still followed him, and he believed in them.

It was 1896 that broke him.

For some never-to-be-known reason he did not attend the St. Louis convention of the Populist Party in that historic year. The Democrats, meeting earlier, had nominated William Jennings Bryan for President and thereby stolen much of the Populist thunder. Many Populists, however, feared their cause would become submerged if they fused with the Democrats. Watson was one of these. Edward Bellamy, though saying that the real issue was between "men and money," swung to Bryan. So did Eugene V. Debs. Democratic big money, meanwhile, was crying "fusion."

In order to win fusion support, the Democratic Party had pledged itself in advance to take Watson as Bryan's running mate. But, violating its pledge, it had nominated Arthur Sewall instead. In many states the Democrats obtained fusion support from the Populists in return for aid in state-office elections. So the Populist convention fell into line and chose, or rather endorsed, Bryan. For Vice President, though, Tom Watson was the nominee.

Telegraphic communication was slow, and when Watson got the news, he hesitated. Since there was little time and the convention was waiting, he accepted the nomination against his

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better judgment. His acceptance was grist to the fusionists' mill. Though he supported Bryan, he believed that, through the Sewall deal, Bryan had betrayed him.

From then on only a few were left to fight. The Democratic Party sacrificed itself to destroy the Populist Party. Fusion, which had been achieved in many states, meant ruin to Populists, fusionists and Democrats alike.

After the victory of the Republicans, Watson retired to Hickory Hill. He was in debt. He felt that his mind was going. He was defeated, and for the first time in his life he accepted defeat, and crept, brooding, into his tent. He began to write, in a brilliant, erratic style, books that sold well.

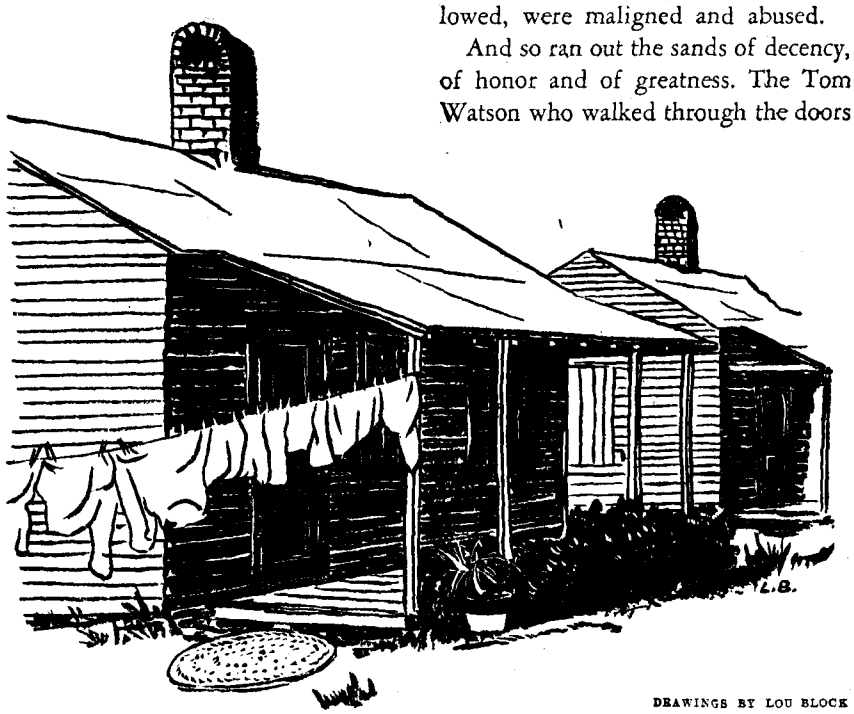
Slowly but surely the bright flames of the man's passion for truth and people burned out. For a few years he flared up now and then with his old fire. But it had less and less heat. By 1904 he was seeking to disfranchise the Negro, and so violent were his tirades—which were imitated by others—that the Georgia election of 1906 was followed by the Atlanta race riot, which lasted four days, bringing looting and murder in its train.

National progressivism and Southern agrarianism no longer were going along together. Watson had taken the latter down a new path, to the dismay of men and women all over America who had followed him as the first great crusader for human rights to come in their generation. For after the debacle of 1896, the Southern agrarian road led downhill. The South today still cries out for a balance in her economy and still seeks to break the chains of the colonial economy forged there by tariffs and credits—just as Watson had seen it.

His own paradoxes became pathological. The Populist Party disappeared. Watson retained a following, and in Georgia most of the originals, the "Old Pops," were faithful if confused by the man they no longer knew.

In one issue of *Tom Watson's Magazine* he defended the Russian Revolution, attacked monopolists, the railroads and Wall Street, and printed a bitter attack on Booker T. Washington and the Negro race. The Catholic Church and finally the Jew came to be, with the Negro, his targets. God alone knows how many Negroes were lynched and murdered by his words. The Catholic Church fought back. Men who sought to hold the seawall against the tide of hate and who helped defend Leo Frank in the infamous trial and lynching that followed, were maligned and abused.

And so ran out the sands of decency, of honor and of greatness. The Tom Watson who walked through the doors of Hickory Hill in 1896 never again emerged. What became of him no one knew—and none will ever know.



DRAWINGS BY LOU BLOCK

The Watson who came out of that door moved on, through the use of hatred, violence and his vocabulary of prejudice, to a seat in the US Senate in 1920. By now he was a drunken old man, racked with asthma, subject to colds, but still a dangerous man, an opponent who knew no rules. He spoke out, now and then, for the underdog. Now and then his family saw flashes of the old sweetness they had known when he was the spokesman for the people. But mostly it was whiskey and bitterness and brooding melancholy which darkened and dominated his mind.

On the night of September 25, 1922, he died. The largest floral offering at the grave was from the Ku Klux Klan.

So far had sunk the People's Man.

The New York *Times* said of him when he died that he was "a strange and vivid public character, that already seems legendary or fabulous." There were routine editorials which hit at his career, and some expressed a quiet relief that life would now be more serene.

There was one man who had no doubts whatever about Tom Watson. He summed him up with no "ifs," "ands" or "buts." This was a man who was just out of the penitentiary, and so no one paid much attention to what he said.

But in September, 1922, Mrs. Tom Watson got a letter from Eugene Debs, who wrote:

"He was a great man, a heroic soul who fought the power of evil his whole life long in the interests of the common people, and they loved and honored him."

He was all Debs said—and he was also something less than Debs said. His name was to become hated and his words were to leave wounds. Yet, there was this about him—he was never afraid to get out in front and lead. At his best he was very much like Franklin Roosevelt: he flung his faith at the people and said, "Take it!"

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

BRAVE NEW WORLD REVISITED

by George Dangerfield

I OFFER AS A SMALL, but none the less sombre, reflection upon our times the thought that Evelyn Waugh must have been putting the last touches to *The Loved One* at just about the time that Aldous Huxley was getting well launched upon *Ape and Essence* (Harper; $2.50). In both books the *mise-en-scène* is that cemetery in Los Angeles, which may now be said to have yielded all, or more than all, of its permissible content of precept and symbol. Upon its obvious attractions for the Englishman, whether transient or permanent, one need not dwell; but it does seem to me that enough is enough. Of the two books, Waugh's is the more scintillating; but one cannot quite see what it is that he has to offer in place of the materialism he attacks. Something in the old yellow-satin English Whig tradition, perhaps, without, of course, the Whig free thinking? Aldous Huxley, at least, leaves us in no doubt.

It is many years since Huxley deserted fiction for propaganda. *Time Must Have a Stop*, for example, was superior publicity for a way of life which only a very few occidental people, at relatively wide intervals in time, have practised with success. This put a number of readers into such a fury that they scarcely bothered to find out whether Huxley had succeeded in saying what he had so carefully set out to say. I thought that he had, and with remarkable success; and that it was not necessary to agree with his point of view in order to reach this conclusion.

This new book is not propaganda, but lamentation. It is an allegory and a prophecy; that is to say, it is a picture of our contemporary dilemma in terms of its possible consequences. It goes something like this: From the back of a Hollywood studio garbage truck, hastening to the incinerator with a load of unusable scripts, there falls a manuscript called *Ape and Essence*, entitled after the lines from *Measure for Measure* about the glassy essence and the angry ape. It was written by someone who departed this life, not without a sigh of relief, in the year 1948.

It opens with a masque of apes, who lead a lugubrious but not juiceless sex life, separate into two armies (each one trailing around, like a mascot, an Albert Einstein on a leash) and blow themselves into pieces. The scene then shifts to a party of New Zealand scientists who, several generations after the great atomic-bacterial war which miraculously passed them by, are sailing to the ruined world of the West to discover what, if anything, is left.

They land upon the shores of Southern California, within a stone's throw of the Los Angeles graveyard. There, one of the group, exploring by himself, is set upon by a group of savages who have been reduced to the ultimate futility of rooting around for the clothing and jewelry to be found on well-preserved specimens of the pre-atomic embalmer's art. The scientist discovers that his captors have been organized into a Dictatorship of the Proletariat under the leadership of a eunuch priesthood of Belial; and that the effects of the late war, or Thing as they call it, have been, on the one hand, to condemn them to produce more and more monster children, and, on the other, so to alter their hormonic structure that they experience the urge to mate only for five weeks in the year. Those who are throwbacks to our diurnal mating habits are known as the "Hots"—a despised and persecuted minority.

The young New Zealand professor is, of course, a Hot; and so is the girl whom he gets to know rather well during the two weeks of quite indiscriminate procreation which is all that the priests of Belial permit to their dwindling and genocidal flock. Together the professor and the girl, risking a very nasty death if they are captured, flee into the desert. Somewhere near Fresno there is a group of persons, eighty-five percent Hot (I have in mind a phalanstery headed by Messrs. Rampion, Propter and Rontini), who hold out their hands in welcome and in hope.

Such is the script which fell from the Hollywood truck. It is unnecessary, perhaps, to remark that if Huxley identifies Satanism with Stalinism, he would be equally ready to identify Satanism with Tammany Hall, the Primrose League, the United Nations or, indeed, with any attempt of human beings to organize for their own advantage without strict reference to the Divine Ground.

"It was a pretty close shave," says the Arch-Vicar of Belial, a horn-crowned eunuch of repulsive aspect. "If they'd stuck to the personal and the universal, they'd have been in harmony with the Order of Things, and the Lord of Flies would have been done for. But fortunately Belial had plenty of allies—the nations, the churches, the political parties. He used their prejudices. He exploited their ideologies. By the time they'd developed the atomic bomb, he had people back in the state of mind they were in before 900 B.C."

This concept of the past as being a mere series of follies and disasters had (I thought) expired magnificently in the pages of Gibbon. Huxley revives it and supplies it with the three agents of destruction: the idea of Nationalism (a grab-all for all human endeavor which does not admit that there is an unbridgeable gulf between

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Ethics and Power), the ideal of Progress (a purely quantitive affair) and the phenomenon of an exact Science which is totally impervious to its social consequences.

I wonder what the historians and critics of the future (in which, *pace* Mr. Huxley, I am still disposed to believe) will think of *Ape and Essence.* They will, I am sure, agree that it was a profoundly serious book; and that if its arguments led to unbearably trivial conclusions, that was precisely where its author meant them to lead. They will perhaps say that it was a most able configuration of the nightmare confusions of the late 1940's. They may express a mild surprise that a man so obviously gifted should have exploited only the panics of civilization, and never really looked for its purposes.

They may even remark what a pity it was that he pictured the Universe as a kind of Newtonian clock which—if only human beings had not been human beings but some other species, and if they had then tried hard enough—might have been made to turn for ever and ever gently backward.

THE DAREDEVILS

EARLY TALES OF THE ATOMIC AGE, by Daniel Lang (Doubleday and Company; $2.75).

THE CONCLUDING ANECDOTE in this collection of *New Yorker* articles concerns Cady Wells, a successful painter who returned from the service to find that the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory had sprung up, so to speak, at his doorstep. This proximity disturbed Wells profoundly, and his first painting as a civilian depicted a tree with a bomb in its trunk. He confided to a friend, a Mrs. McKibbin, that he had to get away from atomic energy. "Where will you go?" she asked.

In the broadest sense, this is Daniel Lang's most important message. Atomic energy, now that it has come, is as inescapable as death. Not everyone is aware of this. The people who know it best are those to whom Lang went for his material: the scientists, the Army and civilian administrators, the engineers, construction men and laborers on the projects.

One might think that these people, living on the edge of doom and aware that they have brought humanity to that edge with them, would exhibit signs of hysteria and alarm; that they would be urgently concerned with the problem of what to do with their creation.

That impression is clear in the early parts of the book, which were written in late 1945 and in 1946, when the bomb-makers were lobbying for the passage of the McMahon bill and attempting to assist our government leaders in thinking constructively about international control.

The McMahon bill was passed, of course; but for a variety of reasons, over a period of time, this country apparently chose to turn its back on international agreements. As a result, many of the scientists became disillusioned and hopeless. The change of attitude is reflected in the later chapters of Lang's book.

Some of the project people deserted altogether, unable to participate further in a program which, they felt, could only mean civilization's suicide. Others went on fighting for control; but they went on producing bombs, too. Still others, feeling that there was no place to go, gave up the fight and went back into their laboratories, and it is this group which is the most interesting, and terrifying, of the atomic age. It could best be characterized as a sort of Wallenda-troupe: a group of high-wire walkers and cyclists who do their job because they know no other, people to whom the prospect of sudden death is obviously no more alarming than tomorrow's breakfast.

Speaking of this country's continued production of bombs, one of these men said to Lang, "It doesn't matter any more. It does, of course, but not in the way it once might have. Now it is a detail. Right after the war, the disposition of the bomb could have been the setting for the arrangement of a durable peace. But the die seems to have been cast, mostly by powerful men.

"During the war, we used to have rabid discussions here about what ought to be done with the weapon, but now the reminiscences are only about big poker games and dormitory parties. Even some of the men who swore that they would never set foot in Los Alamos came back again last summer for a brief bit as 'consultants.' Why not? The world situation is so lousy and in August it's so pretty and cool here. . . ."

This is not to say, of course, that all scientists have retreated. Many—Dr. Leo Szilard, Dr. Lyle Borst, Dr. Harold C. Urey, Dr. Harrison Brown, Dr. M. M. Shapiro, Dr. Waldo E. Cohn, to mention only a few who come quickest to mind—are still devoting every spare minute to sounding the alarm, trying to convince the "powerful men" that the die must be recast if

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we are to survive. Lang's book, an excellent job of reporting, may serve them to some extent in educating the people; more important, it may point out to the "Wallendas" the true danger of their precarious position.

MARTIN SCOTT

SEVEREST CRITICS

LATIN AMERICA: CONTINENT IN CRISIS, by Ray Josephs (Random House; $4.50).

RAY JOSEPHS has hit upon the diary form, not because he has written a gossipy book or one filled with tales of personal adventure, but because things changed so rapidly. In a tour that took him through Cuba and all the countries of South America, save Paraguay, between June 4, 1947, and January 8, 1948, he found that the course of events altered so continuously that what was true on one day was outmoded by the following week. It seemed to him advisable, therefore, to keep his observations and reflections under the date on which they were set down, so that any change in details or viewpoint would be understandable. Yet throughout the book, and in the final summing-up of the last chapter, certain themes remain constant.

There was the keynote that all the vast problems of the Southern continent are essentially economic: that, despite progress here and there, economic backwardness is everywhere evident, two-thirds of the population live and work under semi-feudal conditions and that, in most of the countries, ten percent of the population controls ninety percent of the wealth. Further, there is evidence that, for all the talk and fear of communism, the danger of an emerging middle class that looks with favor on the reactionary Peron-Franco Hispanidad is more imminent.

Communism, the author has discovered, is still chiefly employed as an ugly word to combat the instinctive revolt against backwardness and social injustice. Thus, in Uruguay, where a progressive social order and a true liberal democracy are functioning, communism is least evident. For North Americans there is the particularly impressive point, so readily overlooked today, that in Latin America Roosevelt's name was the symbol of progressive democracy and of a sympathetic understanding of the needs and wishes of the people. Since his death, our prestige and the reservoir of good feeling that he established have been steadily falling.

In the case of war between the US and the USSR, the author believes that the nations of Latin America would unquestionably support us, but would do so out of no love for this country but from greater fear and hatred of Russia and communism. The chief factor that has saved us in Latin America, it appears from Josephs' book, is that the Kremlin has sacrificed Latin American good will even more ruthlessly than we have. One matter is certainly clear: the nations of South America may need us, but they feel toward us very little fondness or gratitude.

Another important theme that continuously emerges is the matter of "appeasement," and Josephs found the word used with ironic implications for those who now employ it to denounce any attempt at a peaceful understanding with the Soviet Union. Among South American progressives the word has gone back to its original Munich meaning; it stands for the support of Nazi reaction out of fear of Russia. As Josephs sums it up:

> Once again, it seemed to many south of the Rio Grande, the error of Munich has been repeated. Then, it was hoped, by giving Hitler his way, to create a "bulwark against Communism." There were compelling reasons then: fear of Russia; the hope of "peace in our time." But it didn't work. Today we have the same compelling reasons. Our top policy-makers have put the issue of Russia and European recovery above all else. They feel they must join the Perons and Latin America's other Fascists, give them arms, machines and credits, because they are "bulwarks against Communism." They seemingly believe there is no other way of getting Argentina's meat and wheat for starving Europe which otherwise "may become easy prey for Russia." But, in the opinion of Latin America's democratic leaders, we are forgetting that while Peron and his fellow strong men hold us up to get what they want, they are actually continuing to work against us for their own ends. The answer, they insist, is not to take the comparatively easy course of throwing all blame on the Communists while neglecting to follow a firm non-appeasement policy and ignoring the basic causes of unrest. The answer, they affirm, is neither Communism nor Fascism, but democracy—that democracy so eagerly desired by the peoples on both sides of the border. For unless Latin democracy is supported now—and many of our Good Neighbors actually feel they have been abandoned—we may find that once more we will have "settled" one problem by creating another.

General Marshall's influence has been dropping steadily, the author finds, and Truman's has never been high. The recent Bogota Conference was, Josephs believes, far from the glowing success it was officially proclaimed, and he adds that the slaying of the Colombian politician, Gaitan, with its subsequent rioting, was not the result of a Communist plot, although, as usual, they took advantage of it. "Actually, observers with time to think it over discovered the slaying was the settlement of a grudge. Gaitan in a trial had secured the acquittal of a man charged with the murder of a close relative of the assassin."

Our first mistakes, he concludes, were that "we indirectly aided the development of Argentina's Juan D. Peron, refused to resolve the problem of Franco, whom Peron and other Latin dictators regarded as a successful model, and turned from an anti-dictator program of a Spruille Braden to an all-out help of a George Messersmith. . . . " Now, as elsewhere, we seem so bent on encouraging the worst and essentially the least friendly elements in South America that we have wounded the feelings of Uruguay—termed by the author "the brightest ray of hope in the Southern Americas"—by ignoring her and supporting Argentina for the seat she continues to hold on the UN Security Council.

Josephs sees a certain amount of progress in most of the individual countries, but with tremendous problems—social, political and economic—to be

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faced and with many odds against a democratic solution. His essential optimism is indicated by his seeing hope even for medieval, revolt-ridden Ecuador, whose new president, Galo Plaza Lasso, "faces tough problems, but his combination of Ecuadorian and US approach may be successful." I am sorry that Josephs passed over the interesting and unhappy land of Paraguay and that his writing is not more graceful—once he seems to refer to himself, rather than to one Guzman de Rosa, as "a small, passionate, dynamic hypochondriac." He has none the less interesting and pertinent things to say.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

THE VOICE OF GERMANY

THE PEACE, by Ernst Jünger (Henry Regnery Company; $2).

THE POET AND HIS TIME, by Ernst Wiechert (Henry Regnery Company; $2).

SINCE THE WAR, Ernst Jünger and Ernst Wiechert have come to be regarded, in this country at least, as two of the most significant contemporary writers in Germany. Both were once, in different ways, German nationalists, but both refused to support the Nazis. *Forest of the Dead*, Wiechert's account of the months he spent in Buchenwald, received wide attention when it was published here last year. This winter, *On the Marble Cliffs*, the elaborate anti-Nazi allegory Jünger wrote in 1939, also appeared in English. Now Henry Regnery's Humanist Library, seeking "to restore the interchange of ideas . . . which is one of the noblest heritages of Western civilization," has issued later examples of these authors' works.

Because of the reverence in which the German people hold their "intellectuals" and because, tragically, no strong new voices have been raised in postwar Germany, it seems likely that the words in these two small volumes have had a disproportionate influence in their own country. Thus they throw interesting light on the continuing "German problem"—the mental processes of the defeated nation.

Jünger's *The Peace* was written between 1941 and 1943, when he was in close touch with the conservative military clique that attempted to assassinate Hitler in 1944, and seems to be addressed largely to that group. Foreseeing the coming Allied victory, Jünger presents a broad and rather ambiguous plan for a federation of Europe as the only postwar solution. While one side must be unmistakably defeated, he says, there should be no thought of vengeance, but instead a realignment of the continent into a new super-nation to provide "living space" and an equal rule for all its members.

Jünger's quaint belief that the Nazi conquests could have been the first step toward such a federation had Germany not "repeated the errors of Versailles" in its treatment of the conquered peoples, his comfortable assurance that the Versailles Treaty alone caused the Second World War and his complete failure to grasp how hated Germany had become, give a touch of fantasy to all his proposals and make one wonder what his ideal federation would be like. And despite his cries for lasting peace, he cannot conceal his affection for the military and his excitement in the heroism and sacrifices of war. *The Peace* repudiates nationalism quâ nationalism (for reasons open to several interpretations), but it is peculiarly "German" in its outlook.

Wiechert's book is more realistic. It consists of three addresses: one delivered in 1935 at the University of Munich when he urged the students to follow the leadership of their poets rather than of their politicians of the moment, another made to the youth of Germany immediately after the war, and a third given in Switzerland in 1947. In the last two of these, Wiechert shows a clear recognition of how far Germany has fallen and of the common guilt which all Germans share before the world.

"With the first barbed wire drawn around the first concentration camp, judgment was pronounced upon a whole people," he told German youth in 1945. "In these [last] twelve years almost an entire people was corrupted and poisoned to the depths of its soul." The German people could have stopped Nazism, he points out. Since they did not, they are guilty of its deeds. His advice to his compatriots for the future is first to understand, then act. "Let us realize that our guilt demands atonement from us . . . that happiness and home and peace are not for us because others became unhappy and homeless and without peace through us." Let us give our lives, he continues, to the slow and painful process of restoring national respect.

There is more than a trace of the familiar German self-pity, of personal vanity, latent snobbery and distrust of the "proletarians" sprinkled through these pages. But there is also some soul-searching and development of new ideas. Wiechert scarcely seems comparable to "Socrates talking during consecrated hours with his friends"

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or "Christ standing in anguish beside the walls of Jerusalem," as George N. Shuster suggests in his introduction. He does appear to be a man who has suffered and become sufficiently disillusioned to begin a revaluation of his country and his own beliefs.

ANNE L. GOODMAN

LIBERTY PLUS EQUALITY

THE POLITICS OF EQUALITY: NEW ZEALAND'S ADVENTURES IN DEMOCRACY, by Leslie Lipson (University of Chicago Press; $6).

WE AMERICANS have got ourselves tied into an institutional knot. Things aren't going well and we don't know what to do. So, being strong and in a jam, we are throwing our weight around, denying any alternative to the "American way." Somehow we must break this fearful fixation on ourselves and this denial of alternatives. Like a child in a tantrum, we need help from the outside to get down off our high horse. And the way to begin seems to be to restore independent dignity and flexibility to the concept of democracy, which we are rapidly destroying by making it synonymous with capitalism.

New Zealand is not the whole answer to our problem. But it is a fresh try at democracy built upon equality. The noted British economic historian, R. H. Tawney, characterizes the Anglo-American emphasis on liberty as resulting in the establishment of inequality on a gigantic scale. New Zealand is attempting a richer mixture: the synthesis of democratic politics with a socialized economy, the combination of liberty and equality.

Here is a democracy which can regularly expect more than four-fifths of its adult population to vote; in which the people do not fear the state but "look upon [it] quite healthily as being themselves under another form. When it acts, they feel they are acting. What it owns, they own. . . . There is no group in the community whose economic interests and social welfare are not positively controlled or else closely affected by what the states does. . . . The civil service does not form . . . a bureaucratic officialdom aloof from the community." In short, this is a democracy in which political vitality did not die nor freedom yield to dictatorship when the state began to run things and the conservatives were displaced by a labor government.

Geographical isolation and smallness, the absence of heavy industry, the homogeneity of population, and the peculiar emotional and economic ties to the mother country all tend to make New Zealand a special case. Nor, in a mixed economy with a labor government having to win every election "in the teeth of almost every newspaper in the country," is the problem of power permanently solved on the side of the angels. Professor Lipson discusses with great candor the serious price at which security and equality are being bought: the general dulling of society to lower-middle-class sameness, the minimizing of individual differences and the lethargy in developing standards of high quality in both personal and public life.

A democracy that seeks defensively to freeze itself at even a high level of equality and security inevitably stultifies itself, for societies must continuously aim beyond their present and accept the hazards of constructive change. Recognition of differences in individual ability can be suppressed along with vested privilege. Suspicion of novel ideas and persons can encourage the filling of Parliament with only average people. The theory that each has a right to his opinion can become twisted to imply that everyone's opinion is equally right. A democratic society with a largely socialized economy can be intolerant and isolationist; its "progressive" labor movement and professions may protect their respective labor markets by granting only "the barest minimum of admissions" to refugees from Hitler's Europe. All these things New Zealand has done.

But the service Professor Lipson performs in this solid and magnificently penetrating discussion of the political parties and governmental institutions of New Zealand is to reveal that such limitations are not intrinsic in "the politics of equality," but "excesses" and "perversions" of an essentially sound principle, related to the accidents of insularity and geographical smallness. Security and equality are essential to liberty; but these goals are not enough unless they can adapt themselves to the strains in constant diversification, complexity and growth. Not even equality and security may be allowed to become national vested interests.

ROBERT S. LYND

FICTION PARADE

GEORGIANA, by Maude Hutchins (New Directions; $2.50).

A CANDLE FOR ST. JUDE, by Rumer Godden (The Viking Press; $2.75).

THE TWO TITLES listed, chosen at random from a stack of novels, are noticed merely by way of a nod to dog-days fiction.

The novel by Rumer Godden is an honest potboiler, in so far as honesty is characteristic of that sort of work; *Georgiana*, on the other hand, is another matter. In this book, its publishers tell us, "the jaded reader is treated" to "a new writer . . . who is gifted to see and feel and write in terms that are authentically fresh and upsetting."

Georgiana is a little girl who grows up in the not-unfamiliar company of puppies, ponies, cousins, servants and grandparents, living among orchards and gardens in the "Big House." She is sent to boarding school, which the narrative investigates a bit in 90 pages of her journal. This interpolated section, about half the short book, we are invited to skip, if we like, for "it is not important that the reader pry into the life of an adolescent, because, as I have said elsewhere, it is of no consequence." That, in turn, is because "the story of a woman must of necessity and by definition be a love story." So, after the educational interlude Georgiana is released to the "no-longer-innocent wanderings of her libido." Or put another way, "she devoted her life after adolescence to love." Unfortunately, Mrs. Hutchins is by this time three-quarters of the

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way through her book and in no (reading) time at all, Georgiana "lay on her death bed as fresh as a daisy."

The short space allotted to her, however, Georgiana devotes to two men: "the first dark man in her life . . . from whom she asked nothing but just that: kissing"; and a "blue-eyed lover for whom she had no psychic regard." He was, nevertheless, "a male; a beautiful mythological-looking, blue-eyed one, at that. . . . It was quite a treat like an ice-cream soda after a tennis match." On the other hand, the "only complete anesthesia: physical love . . . leaves one intellectually jumpy." All the same, one of these gentlemen exercises a "wholesome proletarian appeal and her womanhood responded." But the response (it is hard to resist quotation) is apt to be as surprisingly inappropriate as: "Listen, silly. . . . Who are you today, a famous doctor? Don Quixote? Massine?"

The most "upsetting" thing about this book is that we are meant to be fascinated by Georgiana. For my taste at least, the reverse is true: I found her the most repulsive character in recent novels. She's a monster of conceit: "those dark eyes were seeing happily into themselves from the back," and that's just where they fix their rapturous gaze, "the sense of drama never deserting her speech." She is impatiently insistent on subjects she knows nothing about, and, smugly indispensable, she notes that people are "leaving everything to me, as usual."

I think this result is inevitable when a character is *supposed* to be attractive; that is, when an author insists on an interest equal to and of the same kind as his own. Since we have no reason to share his doting parental affection, we can only be alienated by the minutiae of personality displayed for their own sake. Mrs. Hutchins' irrelevant infatuation with Georgiana is reflected in such self-indulgent prose as the following: "The difficulty in describing Georgiana, however, is that the feeling of loss when Georgiana went away, left you, said goodnight, was more like having your leg cut off, your glasses taken away, or a dream lobster changed into rose-quartz, hardly satisfying your hunger, than the subject matter of *Information Please* taking a turn from Debussy to names of the presidents."

A Candle for St. Jude is a smooth (in fact, thoroughly worn-out) little tale about a London ballet school, theatre attached. It is conducted, of course, by "Madame," a retired prima ballerina, lovable and autocratic, whose foreign speech is suggested by spelling "all" with an *o* throughout. It contains the inevitable Cinderella theme of the dedicated little understudy who gets her chance on the "big night." All the other characters, too, know their routine so perfectly that Miss Godden apparently decided to sit this one out.

JOHN FARRELLY

ADDENDUM ON POUND

I HAD MADE some changes on the proofs of my review of Ezra Pound's *Pisan Cantos* last week, but the proofs unfortunately miscarried; so here is the substance of what I wanted to add. The principal point was that not only in his prose but in the cantos, too, Pound has touched on what he calls "necessary components of thought," many of which nobody else had noticed, or imagined so beautifully (*vide*, for China, Canto XLIX); and that his opinion of their value rested on an assumption that the chief civilizations ought to interpenetrate and aerate each other. Like Joyce, he tried for an atemporal and international art—the art that is to come.

It looks to me as if his reach too far exceeded his grasp, as would not have been the case if he were really a philosophical poet. He has been "many-minded" and a master in some departments, but has seemed oblivious of some prosaic incompatibilities (*e.g.*, that between fascism and Confucian good sense) and even of some facts of style (*e.g.*, that the method of "charging language" by invective of a certain type is simply disreputable). Affection for Pound and respect for his talents do not obviate the necessity to say these things.

To make one last point: I gave it as a typographical error that *nox animae* was printed *nux animae*, but it is more probable that Pound was merely transliterating the Greek word for "night" into the Latin *nux*.

ROBERT FITZGERALD

THEATRE: More French Plays

SAD NEWS is the prophet's stock-in-trade. The prophetic spirit is not strong in France, but the moralist's mind, which is akin to it, has always flourished there. Rabelais, Montaigne, La Rouchefoucauld, Pascal, Molière, Diderot, Baudelaire—moralists all. Virtue is always the moralist's preoccupation; for this reason sin plays a large role in his thinking. The commercial French stage is frequently frivolous; the serious French theatre—since 1942 particularly—is sinful.

The "decadent" note in the contemporary French theatre is an aspect of its moral preoccupation. A carefree comedy like "Mister Roberts" is actually more wicked than a frightful parable like Camus' "Caligula." For while the pure entertainment in our typical American comedy shows no awareness of a moral problem, the deliberate terror in Camus' tragedy is wholly obsessed by it. The wretched blasphemer is always closer to God than the lighthearted philistine. A whole group of recent French plays may be listed as the poetics of exasperation.

Americans can learn a good deal from a study of these new plays, not only by what they contain in themselves but by what they reveal by contrast. There are two striking characteristics to be observed in the outstanding examples of the contemporary French drama. First, they are dramatizations of moods and ideas rather than stories. The mood, as I indicated in my article

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on Camus' plays, tends toward a fierce concern with the question of action in the face of all-encompassing evil. Because this concern is engendered not so much by the dramatists' experience of a single example of evil as by a growing sense that all the springs of life have been poisoned, the plays they write make general rather than specific points. The French are now writing what might be termed "philosophical" rather than realistic or psychological plays.

The philosophical play does not grow out of observation but out of reflection. The immediate reality that inspires the playwright is not dramatized; an indirect symbol is presented. Hence the frequent use of classic plots to convey contemporary significance: Sartre's "The Flies," Anouilh's "Antigone," Camus' "Caligula."

There is something schematic and abstract in the new French plays, even when the subject is contemporary, as in Sartre's "No Exit" or Camus' "Cross Purpose." The most realistic of these plays—Sartre's "The Respectful Prostitute" and his forthcoming "Soiled Hands"—though melodramatic in plot structure, are rigidly bound within an intellectual pattern. Americans, more at home with concrete cases than with general conceptions, tend to respond to the plays' stories rather than to their ideas.

The second characteristic of the new French drama is the use of language as a dramatic substance in itself. With us, dialogue is employed chiefly as the conveyor of action with subsidiary functions as a source of color and delineation. The French playwright builds mood, meaning, tension and excitement through language as such. This is evident in "The Flies," in "Caligula," and particularly in Jean Genet's one-act play, "The Servant Girls," which was done in New York for several performances last spring by an organization calling itself The Poet's Theatre. Eloquence and rhetoric —the old-fashioned tirade which may be described as a vehement aria—serve as an instrument of dramatic progression. Such a use of speech ordinarily strikes the American theatregoer as florid and undramatic, and, when passion is added, as either hysterical or hammy.

"The Servant Girls" is, in a way, the most representative of the plays under discussion. I saw it in Paris a year ago as well as at the special New York performance. I found neither the French nor the American production satisfactory. The difficulty in doing this play is that while it appears to be a realistic piece about two servant girls suffering from a consuming envy of their depraved and wealthy mistress—to the point where they kill themselves because they fail to kill her—it is actually a poetic drama of a kind that our audiences would immediately label "morbid."

The two girls speak a prose that glows with incandescent hate, demanding the delivery of a Rachel in a play like Racine's "Phèdre." As realism, "The Servant Girls" is nonsense: the motivation for the girls' hate in everyday terms is insufficient, its degree, monstrous. What is worse, the interpretation to be given the play's symbolism is not at all obvious.

I have heard a critical discussion of "The Servant Girls" in psychoanalytic terms: the love-hate of the oppressed for the oppressor. It might also be viewed as a social allegory: the oppressed unable to destroy their oppressors must destroy themselves. With either interpretation—and I am sure there are others—we are brought back to the question of content.

The "decadent" French drama today is explosive. Heavy with guilt, resentment, self-loathing, yearning for deliverance through destruction, self-immolation, expiation, sacrifice or heroic affirmation, it is an expression of the martyrdom of the French middle-class conscience after the degradation of Munich, the shame of defeat, the conflict between collaborator and resistant, the terrible dichotomy—coupled with impotence—that tears at the country's vitals to this day.

The moral and psychological situation in France is luridly highlighted by the intense level of French consciousness, but that does not imply that this situation is unique. Let us not flatter ourselves that the absence of such plays on our stage is a sign of our moral superiority. A theatre where pessimism is almost completely taboo does not necessarily bespeak a wholesome condition either in the theatre or in the civilization of which it is a part.

The final value of a study of these French plays—none of which is actually more talented than the best we have to offer—is that by understanding them in relation to ours we may be stimulated to seek for greater scope in both the matter and the means of our own theatre practice.

HAROLD CLURMAN

RADIO: Notes While Packing

BROADCASTING AS A WHOLE slumbers through the hot summer, but in these months, when a significant proportion of the nation is camping out beyond the delivery route of its familiar newspaper, radio news and comment have their biggest opportunity. For that reason, I shall tackle first the news department in this pre-vacation desk-clearing column.

Edward R. Murrow on CBS holds top position among the regular, day-to-day men. You may not agree with his analyses all the time, but you cannot dismiss them, like too much air journalism, as irresponsible or unfair. Quincy Howe of the same network sometimes concocts irritatingly simple solutions to complex problems, but otherwise comes a close second to Murrow.

With these two on its team, CBS has been able to hold its lead in the international field. Mutual has the edge, however, in straight, domestic coverage. Its nightly (9:15) "Newsreel"

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READ GROUP HEALTH, the magazine of Cooperative Medicine. Bi-monthly, 2 years $1. In the July-August issue: T. R. Ellerbe on abuses in the administration of the hospital construction act; Wendell Berge on Conspiracies Against Health; How Blue Cross has been used to block cooperatives; new developments in voluntary health plans. Snelling & Selby, St. Paul 4, Minnesota.

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NEW REPUBLIC

takes you quite literally to the spots where news is made. Certain recordings done for "Newsreel" are also played from time to time during the day, and are used as color inserts for two Mutual news periods which I find almost obligatory—Lyle Van's 6 p.m. program and Vandevanter's 11 p.m. roundup. . . . NBC's Robert Trout is too cute too often. . . . I can do without the editorial jaundice of the latter-day Elmer Davis on ABC. That network's Arthur Gaeth is still the best weekly round-up man. . . . Robert S. Allen's hoarseness on Mutual extends beyond his voice to his viewpoint, but he rates next to Gaeth among the once-a-week men.

On my way to Mutual's 6 p.m. newscast, I've been stopping off recently to brush up on the latest developments among the "kid-strip" heroes. The best of these is still "Superman." At present, this eighth wonder has no sponsor, so his producer, Robert Maxwell, gives the commercial time to homilies pitched at the juvenile level of moral behavior: "A regular guy likes another guy, no matter what side of the tracks he lives on," the announcer says—then back to Superman's latest nerve-wracking exploit. I have a feeling that there are worse ways to use radio.

Another program, not previously mentioned here, is fishing for the bedtime audience with more nourishing bait. It is "World-Over Playhouse," a dramatized-story piece done for 15 minutes Wednesdays at 7:30. This is a miniature "Eternal Light" without the high-budget trimmings but produced by the same man, Milton E. Krents. The stories are based on Jewish folklore. They don't try to make radio history either by content or production, but they are well done and good listening beyond the child level. The program is on WNBC, thus far in New York only.

Two old favorites of mine—ABC's "Child's World," Thursdays at 9, and CBS's "Doorway to Life," the same night at 10:30, have been inspiring a good deal of scholarly argument on their comparative worth. Some professors favor "Doorway," dismissing the other show as given over to the babblings of youngsters. Others call Helen Parkhurst's "Child's World" one of the most realistic productions on the air, and accuse "Doorway" of being too slick.

I've been able to find no sound reason for not liking them both. Each does its job in its own way, the approach of "Doorway" being psychological, often psychiatric. Since it is produced in Hollywood, I know it only by what I hear, but that seems professionally sound.

On the other hand, I have watched the production of "Child's World." The youngsters brought to the microphone by Miss Parkhurst are artless, but under her guidance they are never pointless. The boys and girls may be asked to talk about their elders' ideas of what constitutes a proper meal, or about their own ideas of what's wrong with father. Miss Parkhurst keeps them somewhere near the subject at hand, but still lets them think and talk for themselves.

She has worked with as many as eight children—ranging in age from 9 to 12—at one session. The remarks go on the air unedited, which is too often impossible when adults are given free access to a microphone. I think "Child's World" is a triumph of expert chairmanship.

Just ahead of "Child's World," starting at 8:30 Thursdays, ABC carries a program produced by the same Robert Maxwell who pilots "Superman." It is "Criminal Casebook," which I mentioned here recently but did not review. Unlike "Superman," whose exploits are supersonic and stratospheric, "Casebook" presents real, live roughnecks and ex-convicts who, presumably, are on the way toward rehabilitation. These often-dubious characters are sponsored by Edwin J. Lucas, director of the Society for the Prevention of Crime.

The dramatizations tracing the felon's life from origin to the fall-from-grace are worked out carefully to make the points that Lucas feels are crucial. Since the production is done with an understanding of social science, the re-

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sult is a series of episodes that tie together neatly into a detailed reconstruction of the social, economic and sometimes religious factors that contributed to the disintegration of the individual under dissection. This is education by radio at its best.

I have laughed heartily listening to the Jack Pearl show on NBC (Wednesdays at 8:30). Cliff Hall stooges for the old-time comedian, and I'm still a sucker for Pearl's dialect slapstick. . . . Tex McCrary and his wife Jinx Falkenberg show how an interview program, like the one they do on Wednesdays at 9 p.m., can be well-paced, maintain logical continuity and still glitter with celebrities. . . . Mutual's "Luncheon at Sardi's" (daily at 1) is another interview program ably held together by Bill Slater, the master of ceremonies. But the commercials have gotten completely out of hand. One day recently, he had five guests hidden away among eight sponsors, plus the free mentions for donors of prizes. A few books, movies and plays got additional plugs. There wasn't much time left for the show.

SAUL CARSON

MUSIC: Records

THE PERFORMANCE by Serge Koussevitzky of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at Tanglewood last summer was recorded on the spot (Victor DM-1190; $11). The Berkshire Festival Chorus, trained with precision and beauty of tone by Robert Shaw, gives the album its main distinction. The Boston Symphony Orchestra plays in too urbane a manner; the Ninth Symphony demands sinew and even a certain roughness rather than polished elegance. The soloists are no better than usual, except for Frances Yeend, soprano, who negotiates the appallingly slow ascent to the high B with a good deal of vocal poise. Since no fully satisfactory recording of the Ninth Symphony has ever been made, this one will do as well as any.

The first four of Bach's six Brandenburg Concertos, recorded by Otto Klemperer for German Polydor long before the war, are now available in domestic repressings (Vox 618, $7.35; 619, 620 and 621, $5.25 each). Klemperer handles the music in a fashion which has now gone out of style. He employs a large and sometimes muddy orchestra in place of the tiny group Bach had in mind, and sometimes chooses tempos considerably different from those recommended by experts in Baroque music nowadays. Within his horizon, Klemperer's interpretation is effective enough, but for many modern listeners the records will hardly constitute more than a document of the taste of a generation now past and gone.

To Columbia, with its backlog of unissued materials, Artur Rodzinski is still conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony, even if he has gone clear through another orchestra and out the other side since leaving New York. His recording of Brahms's Second Symphony (Columbia MM-725; $7.10), made while he was still with the Philharmonic, displays the luminous execution he taught that orchestra, but plods rather literally through the music.

A much more enlivening Brahms performance is contributed by the Guilet Quartet in Brahms's Quartet No. 3, in B flat major (Vox 208; $6), one of the composer's most rewarding chamber works, missing from all catalogues for several years.

Emma Schaver, soprano, sings a group of songs of displaced people (Vox 635; $4.75) with poignant, tragic overtones. The best item in the set of six is Ravel's setting of the "Kaddisch," for it is the only arrangement which is not hoked up with the decorative trappings of radio production. The album is called "I Believe," after the title of one of the songs.

CECIL SMITH

CORRESPONDENCE

Premature

SIR: I am writing to correct a misstatement in the *New Republic* of August 2. In the article by Cecil Smith, entitled "Music: Mozart in the Rockies," Mr. Smith says: "Neither Mrs. McFarlane nor Miss Evans lived to see the reopening [of the Central City Opera House]." The first festival was held in July, 1932. Mrs. McFarlane died on June 18, 1940, and Miss Evans, January 6, 1941. Both contributed an immeasurable amount to the success of the annual festivals at Central City . . . by their presence during the first years. . . .

S. G. SPALDING

Denver, Colorado

The Missing Plank

SIR: Since we have supported the candidacy of Henry Wallace ever since he announced it and since we worked hard to get his name on the ballot in our state, we feel that we have earned the right to express our indignation at the failure of the Platform Committee to write into the platform a plank which would once and for all distinguish it from the Communist Party. . . .

The failure of the Platform Committee to include in the platform a single specific statement plainly stating that the Progressive Party is opposed to police states of both the left and right, and its failure to adopt even the very mild amendment on foreign policy presented by the delegates from Vermont, can result only in discrediting the aims of the party in the eyes of the American people and in further confusing it with the Communist Party. The argument presented on the convention floor that adoption of the amendment stating that the Progressive Party did not wholly endorse the foreign policy of any nation would constitute a compromise with Red-baiting is totally invalid.

The platform of a party is an expression of its aims and principles. If it is true that the Progressive Party does not wholly endorse the foreign policy of the Soviet Union, as it certainly does not, and that the foreign plank left some doubt on that point, it is difficult to see how a clear statement on this important issue could be construed as a compromise of principle.

It is argued that the issue of Communism is a false one raised by the enemies of the Progressive Party. . . .

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The issue may be false to some, but it is real enough to John Doe, whose support the Progressive Party asks for next November. If it wants his support, it owes him a straightforward answer. The chance to give him that answer was at the convention. That chance was missed and now his continuing to confuse the Progressive Party with the Communist Party is as much the fault of those who framed the platform as it is of those who deliberately wish to distort the aims of the Progressive Party.

Today, after the convention of the Progressive Party, we cannot be optimistic about the future, because we know that instead of standing up to be counted, a great many liberals who were looking with hope toward the new party will choose to sit this one out.

SAMUEL AND FREDA SASS

Pittsfield, Mass.

Fourth Candidate

SIR: I believe the future will be black indeed, if we now have to conclude that the world's greatest nation faces a terrible crisis in history with nothing more than the political leadership offered by the Democratic, Republican and Progressive Parties. Can three more inadequate leaders be imagined than the presidential candidates of these parties? . . .

It is an unendurable prospect if these men are the best America has in such times as the present.

But they are not. Another force of leadership exists and can be called upon by the independent and thoughtful voters of this country. This force is represented by Norman Thomas, the presidential candidate of the Socialist Party. . . .

America needs a genuine third party. Henry Wallace's movement is clearly *not* such a party. The Norman Thomas campaign, whether it can result now in Mr. Thomas' election or not, can begin the real growth of a labor-party movement in America. Such a party will be the only bulwark against imperialism, war and totalitarianism. It must come to the full strength of American labor itself during the next few years. Support of Norman Thomas will assist it to do so, and I urge the independent voter to give Mr. Thomas that support.

New York City CALDER WILLINGHAM

West Coast Liberal

SIR: The "Third Party" (Independent Progressive) put up a candidate of its own because Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas refused to cross-file on their ticket. She did cross-file Republican and got most of the votes cast in the primary.

This is not the first time Mrs. Douglas has drawn a fine line dividing her brand of liberalism from California progressives and lumping the latter with "Communists."

I still recall Hemingway's forthright statement that you can't be *anti-fascist* if you're "anti-communist," because only fascists and similar gangsters will resort to the physical and moral atrocities necessary to extirpate communism as long as the evils which breed communism remain unsolved. And the liberals are next on the list. A. C. HOLMAN

Richmond, Calif.

BANDWAGON

Over Eager

The atomic bomb, in other words, was somewhat "oversold" originally, or more correctly, those who rightly stressed its potentialities telescoped and confused the time factor; they pictured the ultimate as possible now. – *From an article by Hanson W. Baldwin in the New York* Times.

War of Nerves

President Truman today accused the Republicans in Congress of stirring up a phony spy scare to hide their failure to curb high prices. – *UP dispatch in the Los Angeles* Daily News.

[Senator Alexander] Wiley accused Truman of throwing up a "smoke-screen" of high prices to conceal the Communist furor. – *UP dispatch in the Los Angeles* Daily News.

Stabilizers

Many crimes have since been laid at the door of the great private armament makers. . . . But the fact that they were an "international," more or less impartially promoting their products among all, had one great if unrecognized advantage. Every new lethal weapon was rather quickly made available everywhere, and it imported at least some degree of equality and stability into a situation which might otherwise have been even more explosive than it was. – *From an editorial in the Albany, Georgia,* Herald.

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Great Expectations

REPUBLICAN WRITERS! $50 buys outline for novel to help turn tide of '48 campaign. Bettie Tierney, East Berlin, Pa. – *Ad in the* Writer's Digest.

The More It Changes . . .

The Army has announced that henceforth new recruits will be taught about citizenship and venereal-disease control instead of booby traps, riggings and common hand tools. – *UP dispatch from Washington.*

Love Set

Marion, daughter of the Godfrey S. Rockefellers, a Madeira graduate and also a former Vassar student, is very practical-minded. She has announced that she'll set up housekeeping in the indoor tennis courts of her parents' Greenwich estate. – *From the New York Sunday* News.

Subversive?

The New York State medical group has opposed the national [Red Cross] plan for several reasons, including its belief that free blood service "for all economic levels is not compatible with established patterns of American life." – *From the New York* Herald Tribune.

Poor But Honest

One witness [at the Board of Education meeting] who objected to the whole business of paying teachers any more money was Theodore K. Resmey of the People's Lobby of California. . . .

"Too much pay vulgarizes the teaching profession," said Resmey. – *From the Los Angeles* Daily News.

Sports of the Times

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